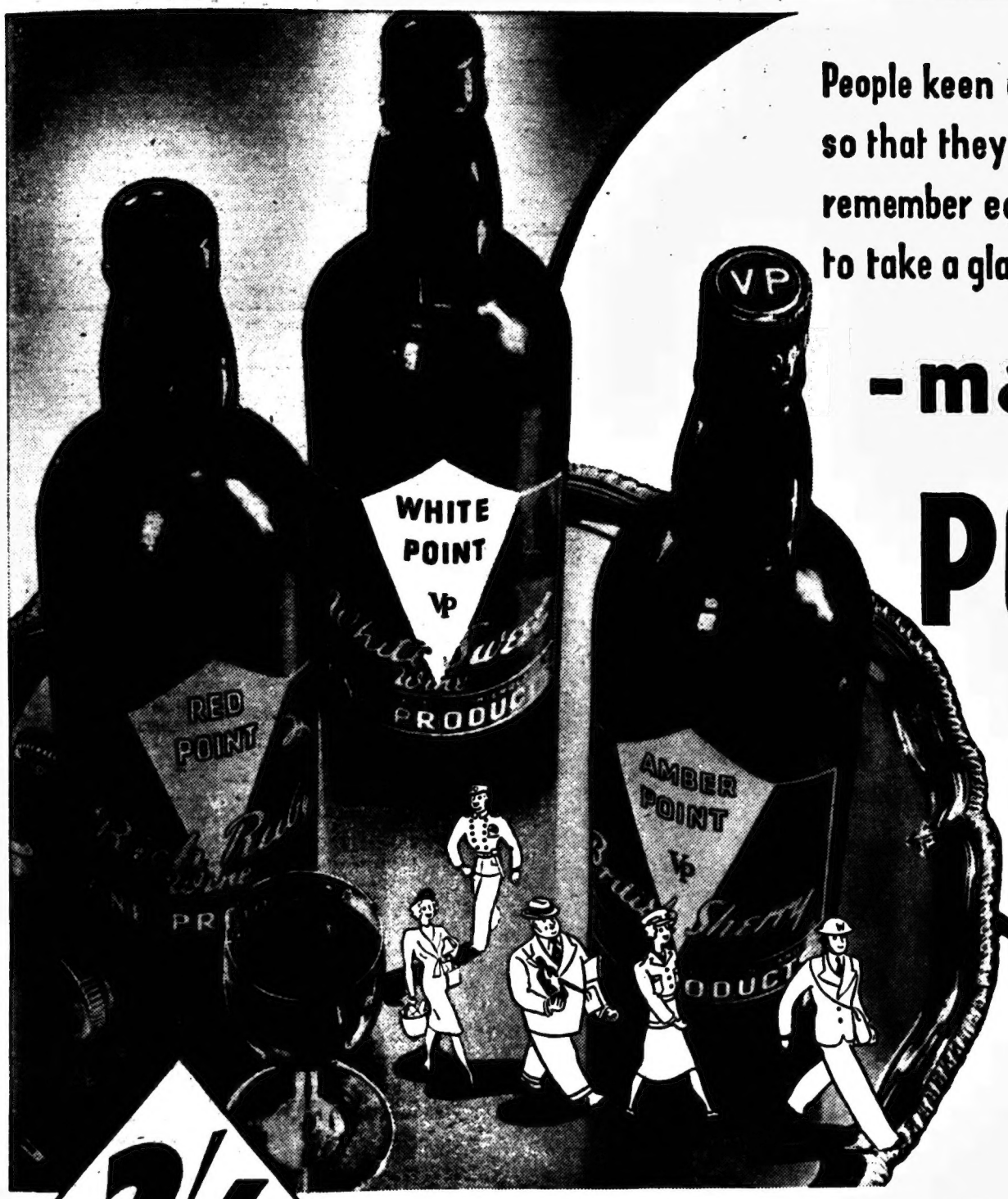
JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 25, 1939
VOL. LXVI. 1745

FINAL "BULLETS" XMAS DINNERS

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE



People keen on keeping fit
so that they can do their bit
remember each and every day
to take a glass of wine and they

-make a POINT of it!

2/6 A BOTTLE

You owe it to the country to keep yourself in form. POINT helps you. In the unaccustomed duties and emergencies of the times a glass of POINT Brand Wine will work wonders. It will keep out the cold, and keep up your spirits. The finest imported grape-juice from Empire vine-growing countries in the sunshine gives Point its own vitality and character. Choose your Point from the range listed below—get it from your Wine Merchant or Licensed Grocer—do it to-day—"make a POINT of it"!

POINT BRAND *Wines*

RED POINT—*Rich ruby wine of Port character. Look for the RED Point label.*

WHITE POINT—*White sweet wine of Port character. Look for the WHITE Point label.*

AMBER POINT—*British Sherry of supreme quality. Look for the AMBER Point label.*

THE MAMMOTH BOOK of WORKING MODELS

REAL MODELS OUT OF A BOOK! It sounds almost incredible—yet it's true! You open the Book—press out the parts and in a few seconds the models are all ready for assembling. This is the greatest thrill of the age for children—you simply mustn't miss it!

The most thrilling novelty ever invented! The finest Xmas Gift for Children of all ages!

JOHN BULL'S Christmas Gift for the Children of its readers

WHAT a thrill—The Greatest Children's Book of the Year!—"THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS" AND THE WONDER POWER UNIT. Think! Real models out of a book! Eleven large-size, life-like FULL-COLOUR models and the Wonder Power Unit.—All you have to do is open the book, then with a gentle pressure of the fingers you separate the model parts—put them together—and, hey presto!—they all work—just like the real thing! That is "John Bull's" wonderful new Christmas Presentation Book for the children. The demand will be tremendous.—It is a book which will provide hours and hours of continuous thrilling fun and entertainment for a whole family of children and grown-ups too—a book of which they will never tire. Just the book too for children who have been evacuated.

This remarkable Book of working models, entirely new and now coming off the press, is available for only 3/9, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.—a truly amazing bargain! Supplies are strictly limited and all applications must be dealt with in the strictest rotation. It's "First come, first served." YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW but you must apply at once on the Forms below if you want to make sure of your book.

Full instructions for assembling the models are supplied with each book. There is a Full Kit of accessories, including strong driving band for the Power Unit, motor, metal bearings, wire spindles, pulleys and spares, etc., and a supply of special model glue.

The Wonder Power Unit which drives some of the working models is a reproduction of an electric motor or turbine—with speed regulation, stop and start controls—it works without oil, steam, electricity, water or light, and is simple and absolutely harmless—every child can work it. Size: 7 in. high by 5 in. deep.

AND NOW FOR THE ELEVEN MODELS:

Tower Bridge of London—with huge bascules, arched entrances, two huge towers and massive superstructure which opens and closes. Size: 16 in. wide by 9½ in. high by 7 in. deep.

Queen Elizabeth—the latest giant Cunarder—moves under its own power. Size: 15 in. long by 1½ in. wide.

The Coronation Scot—What a thrill the kiddies will get when they assemble this realistic model of Britain's fastest train, with its 12 wheels and long streamlined body. This model works under its own power. Size: 13½ in. long by 2½ in. wide.

A Merry-Go-Round—with three gaily decorated boats suspended from its arms, etc. If you like, you can hang from the arms the Biplane, Monoplane and Seaplane, worked by the Power Unit. Size: 20 in. diameter, 13 in. high.

The Crane—The engineer's cabin, mounted on a pyramid base, can be revolved as will in the required direction. The crane hook picks up and sets down all kinds of objects. Worked by the Power Unit. Size: 6 in. high by 6½ in. wide with a 10 in. arm.

The Vertical Steam Engine—An ingenious model. Its large power wheel driven by the Power Unit is worked by a crank shaft, connecting rod, piston, eccentric and valve gear. Size: 8½ in. high, base 4½ in.

Seaplane—A scale model of the sea-plane, based on the famous Schneider Trophy Winner design. Length 6½ in., wing span 7½ in.

Biplane—A scale model of the famous De Havilland Hornet Moth. Length 7½ in., wing span 9½ in.

Monoplane—A tapered fuselage, low wing Air Liner with the latest type twin rudders. Length 7 in., wing span 10½ in.

Spinning Wheel—Life-like replica of woman at a Spinning Wheel. Worked by the Power Unit, the seated woman really moves as she rapidly works the treadle. Size: 6½ in. high by 5 in. wide.

The Car of the Future—A marvellous stream-lined model of the type of car that the world may be using in the year A.D. 2000. The model speeds along under its own power. Size: 7½ in. long by 4½ in. wide.

What a thrilling set of models—your child will jump with joy and excitement when you present this marvellous book.

The Book itself has strong Book Board covers, strengthened on the spine with attractive Book Cloth. Size: 10½ in. by 15 in.

DO THIS NOW!

Reserve the Book by filling in the Reservation Form and Label below and posting them at once—affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label. On receipt of your Forms you will be sent a Presentation Invoice entitling you to secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send in your remittance and your volume will at once be dispatched, carriage paid to your home.

HURRY! FATHERS! MOTHERS! UNCLES! AUNTS! YOU MUST GET THIS WONDERFUL BOOK OF WORKING MODELS FOR A CHILD YOU LOVE. And don't forget to take advantage of the "EXTRA" book opportunity in the panel on the left. POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE.

POST AT ONCE

WOULD YOU LIKE THIS WONDERFUL BOOK, TOO?

Here, for those who send for the Model Book, is a wonderful opportunity to secure in addition a copy of the biggest and most popular work ever published for boys and girls—"THE GOLDEN GIFT BOOK." It has over 500 BIG pages . . . 150,000 words . . . over 500 superb illustrations by famous artists, including whole-page plates in gorgeous full colours. Scores of breathless stories by the greatest writers for children, and many additional features. Size is 10 in. deep by 7½ in. wide. De Luxe Edition containing 16 full-colour plates and bound in Rich Red Morocco-Grained Art Leathercloth embossed in Real 22-carat Gold. Remit 4/9 after receipt of Invoice. Supplies of this work are limited.

If you want a copy of this book in addition to the Model Book, be sure to indicate your wishes on Form on right when you order your Book of Models. Post Forms without delay. Readers reserving both volumes will, of course, be sent a Presentation Invoice FOR BOTH BOOKS entitling them to secure both books at the special privilege prices.

CUT ACROSS DOTTED RULE

"JOHN BULL"

XMAS BOOK PRESENTATION
Reservation Form

Books will be dispatched to applicants in strict rotation. ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown below and post to:—

BOOK PRESENTATION DEPT., J.M.L.
"JOHN BULL," 58, Fetter Lane, LONDON, E.C.4. (Prop.)

Please reserve in my name the Volume or Volumes indicated below and send me a Presentation Invoice entitling me to secure the work(s) at the special Privilege Price.

If you would like BOTH Volumes leave the title below unmarked. If you choose one book only, CROSS OUT Volume NOT DESIRED.

"THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS," 1940.
"THE GOLDEN GIFT BOOK."
"The Golden Gift Book" is available in Two Editions—if you also want this Book you MUST cross out below Edition NOT desired.
STANDARD EDITION—DE LUXE EDITION.

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

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DATE.....

The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Thursday, November 30th. Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 25/11/39.

IMPORTANT.
The Label on right will be used for sending Your Privilege Invoice. Fill in your name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp to space provided. This form and Label on right may be posted in an unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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J.M.L.

"THE very fact that you have the courage to offer a free Air Raid Insurance Policy to all readers is sufficient to give new confidence ... It is national inspiration, a spirited enterprise that will doubtless aid our national efforts to defeat a wavering disillusioned enemy." *G. F. W., Runcorn.*

Miss M. Robinson, of Anerley, S.E.20, writes :—

"Many thanks for the Free Air Raid Insurance. I for one could not afford a high premium. Lower salary and not too bright prospects of keeping my job, so it is certainly a help to me."

Typical of Thousands

This letter, received from a "John Bull" reader, is typical of the thousands that are flooding into our offices—letters written in heartfelt gratitude for the historic and momentous step that "John Bull" has taken in providing all its readers with vital protection against the common menace—the perils of bombs.

"John Bull's" offer to every reader of a Free £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, *has lifted a load from the minds of families all over the country. It has brought to them a new, strong sense of security and a heartened confidence in the future.*

Vital Wartime Security

This vital Wartime Security Gift could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium. WITH CHARACTERISTIC BOLDNESS "JOHN BULL" TOOK NO HALF MEASURES IN OFFERING THIS SECURITY ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Below are the Benefits incorporated in "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance and Comprehensive Household Security Gift.

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200	should the Reader and his wife be killed.
£100	for either.
£100	for loss of two limbs.
£100	for loss of sight of both eyes.
£100	for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
£50	for loss of one limb.
£50	for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM & FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY AND HOUSE-BREAKING up to £500

You cannot afford to delay in making sure of this Double Protection which "John Bull" offers you. Every day—every hour counts. Use the Forms below TO-DAY!

ONE REGISTRATION COVERS BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

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Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 25/11/39.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/11/39

...and shave the chins with Easy!

EASY STAYS MOIST SO MUCH LONGER

Ordinary lathers dry up before you've finished shaving; the beard stiffens, and hack, hack, goes the blade over your poor skin.

But Lever's Easy keeps the beard soft and helpless *all the time*. You scarcely feel the blade as it gives you a close, smooth, effortless shave.

E 300-172-55 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

IF YOU'VE A BABY ... GIVE

him a really good start and a healthy childhood with Steedman's Powders

There's a splendid little book every mother should keep handy. Steedman's famous Little Red Book, giving such helpful advice about the symptoms and treatment of all baby's little ailments.

It's free! But that doesn't mean it's only an advertisement. True, it reminds that fretfulness and listlessness are signs of internal disturbance which Steedman's Powders correct without purging and habit-forming effects. But watchfulness right from teething time to fourteen years is so very important.

Obtainable everywhere, these famous Powders cost only 1½d. each. Be sure to look for the double EE. AND send a P.C. for The Little Red Book now, to John Steedman and Co., 270 Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

Take

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

for all

SKIN TROUBLES

THE *New* Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. *Now!* While you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL'S SUPERB

Xmas Gift TO YOU!

The most acceptable Wartime Gift

APPLICATIONS POURING IN FOR THE GIFT OF THE YEAR

LAST week "John Bull" announced its Great Xmas Gift offer—to which tens of thousands of readers look forward every year. The response this year has been greater than ever and applications are pouring in by every post. To avoid disappointment, make sure of your set at once.

Below are two FREE Special Xmas Gift Vouchers, one value 2/9d. the other value 7/6d.—*Either or both* will be accepted in part payment for these exquisite all-British Writing Sets. One for you and one for your friend—it's a Gift Opportunity of a lifetime.

Don't risk disappointment—complete and post Coupon and vouchers AT ONCE!

THIS WOULD MAKE AN IDEAL PRESENT FOR ME

ONE OR BOTH—*take your choice!*

John Bull

Xmas Gift Voucher No. A 31879

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 30th December, 1939.

2/9 VALUE

John Bull

Xmas Gift Voucher No. B 31879

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 30th December, 1939.

7/6 VALUE

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat SOLID GOLD nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The pen has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has one inlaid band of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, fool-proof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

Written 2-YEAR GUARANTEE with each SET

Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with each SET

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 8/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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Write clearly in Block Letters.

J.B. 25/11/39

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

CARPET BARGAINS

9/- This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 60 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Unequalled genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Mats and 2 door mats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Road, Leeds.

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KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY. .

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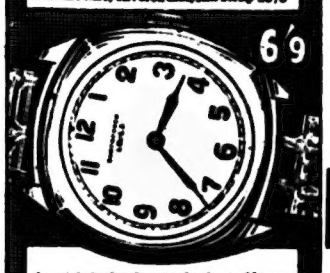
Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation. **8/6 DOWN** brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Accrington Works, ACCRINGTON or Dept. 12, 46/47, Newman St., London, E.C.1. WRITE for ART LIST

QUICK! GET THIS H. SAMUEL BARGAIN BOOK FREE!

10/6

THE SYDNEY. Ladies. Jewelled lever. Chrome case, silvered dial, silk strap 10/6



6/9

A watch for hard wear, shockproof lever. Chromium case. Leather strap. 6/9

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POST COUPON NOW!

To H. Samuel, Dept. 194, Market St., Manchester, 1.

Please send me your new BIG FREE XMAS GIFT BOOK of Good Watches, Diamond Rings, Jewellery, Silverware, Cutlery, etc. Clocks.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Post in unsealed envelope 1d. stamp)

Don't delay a day. This H. Samuel Free Book is packed, cover to cover, with wonderful gifts for ALL your friends. And there's a big saving on everything you buy! H. Samuel buys big, sells big, and all for spot cash. The benefit goes to you. Guaranteed diamond rings, good watches, fine jewellery—this book is a glowing array of all the work of master craftsmen. Get it NOW—it's valuable.

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Headquarters: Market Street, Manchester, 1.

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SHATTER PROOF YOUR WINDOWS for 40 PANES COVERED 1/6

AIR RAID INJURIES will be prevented if glass is properly protected with FILMAK. Easily applied and cleaned off, strong durable rubber coating. Avoids ugly Paper Stripe.

GUARANTEED TO STOP SPLINTERED GLASS FLYING.

Sufficient for 40 ordinary panes 1/6 per bot., post 6d.; 80 panes 2/9 per bot., post 6d.; extra large size for 120 panes 3/9 per bot., post 9d. Use genuine FILMAK, obtainable only from

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Conforms to all Black-out Regulations giving safety with unique utility. Cause the roads with safety. Gives Two-way Red Warning for traffic, and shows Diffused White Light on ground. Gives brilliant illumination for household use. Quick, single-action, trouble-free switch. Complete with bulb and standard size Long Life Battery. Refills 8 for 1/6. Post free by return guaranteed. NOT an A.R.P. 'Midget' Battery.

BRITISH & BEST. SEND P.O. 2/6 NOW to:—

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THE LATEST FROM U.S.A. FLAMELESS LIGHTER 3/9 POST 3d.

Further consignment from World's Fair Surplus. Order makes such amazing offer possible. Fires lighter to cigarette and draw—that's all! No sparks, flame, smoke or smell, yet gives quick, positive light EVEN IN A GALE OR DOWNPOUR. Works every time. The ideal "Black-out" Lighter. Smaller than Spanish. Usually 6/6. Our price only 3/9, post 3d., complete and ready for use. Send P.O. 4/- NOW or call.

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ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE BEST KNOWN MAKERS

From **1/-** WEEKLY

£4. 4. MODEL FOR 42/-

As used and recommended by Band leaders all over the country. HERE WE OFFER A VERY WONDERFUL BARGAIN. "Buy an Accordion by a Famed Maker."

Bonelli, Steldeni, Visimio, Pancotti, Crucianelli, Hohner, etc.

Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices "STELDENI." Piano-finished cabinet, tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple-chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 Piano keys, 8 basses. Cash Price 42/-, or sent on receipt of 3/- First instalment. Balance payable 4/- monthly until 45/- is paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Also superior De Luxe Model at 56/6, same terms. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 23 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms. The remarkable Low Terms for Monthly Payments ensure the immediate popularity of these fine instruments. Write for fully illustrated list of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments post free. Bonelli, Visimio, Hohner, etc.

Write for Illustrated Piano Accordion List. Write for General Musical List.

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100,000 BATTERIES FOR SALE

Fits the Popular No. 8 size Cases. **2/9 for 9 Post 3d**

Gives exact light required by police. 100,000 Pools Lite 'Anti-Dazzle' A.R.P. Torch Batteries. The popular No. 8 size, rounded, which is in use in 95 out of every 100 torch cases. The 'Anti-Dazzle' battery that will get you home safe without the fear of danger from the air is self-reduced and does not require any screening. Price 2/9 for 9, post 3d.; 12 for 3/3, including postage; 20 for 5/-, post free. Send to-day while stocks last. Bulbs at 2½d. 3-colour Automatic A.R.P. TORCH 2/9 complete, post 3d.

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1 WAY BEDCHAIR

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fireside Seat

FULL SIZE **21/-**

69 in. long when extended, 28in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home, 2/- Eire, Scot. and Wales.

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GENUINE LONDON BUS DRIVERS' OVERCOATS 18/6

Part Post 1/- extra

A rare opportunity which should not be missed. Genuine London Bus Drivers' Overcoats, only very slightly worn. Full double-breasted style with Leather cuffs and Leather-bound pockets. Heavy Navy Cloth. Large collar. Full double warmth cloth lined. Ideal for Lorry Drivers, Motor Cyclists, Road and Farm Workers, etc. Each Garment has been cleaned and pressed, will give many years of hard service. All sizes 36 to 52in. chest—state chest and height when ordering. ORDER NOW—only a small quantity available. Satisfaction or cash refunded. Also genuine LONDON BUS DRIVERS' REEFERS at 9/3 plus 9d. postage

WILLSON BROS. (Dept. A), UPPER HIGH STREET, EPSOM, SURREY. (Government Contractors)

"OK" British BARGAIN BALE 20/-

Wonderful 30/- Value for 20/- to "John Bull" readers. Read the Guaranteed Contents:—

1 Superior Sateen or Art Silk Wadded Down Quilt, full 6 x 5 ft. size. 2 Heavy Twill Sheets 90 x 66, for hard wear. 2 Heavy Yorkshire White Rateen Blankets, full size 90 x 60. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured) 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall, 2 White Pillow Cases, coloured embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold, 20 x 30.

Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Road LEEDS

HERE'S A SPLENDID Gift for XMAS Price only 4/4

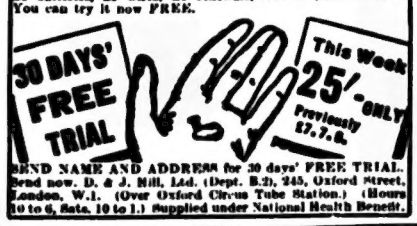
A handsome reading glass with chromium handles which fold up for pocket. Made in six charming colours with morocco case to match. Order from dealer or write at once for list G, illustrated in colour, to

SOHO LIMITED, 3, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced prize, viz., 25 -. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.



SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. B.2), 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

BLANKETS Free

to all purchasers of our A.R.P. Black-Out Blinds (NAVY BLUE) Sizes 72 x 36 to 72 x 48 Hemmed for rod.

3 for 5/ 7 for 10/

All above sizes post free. Larger sizes made to order. 10/- DOZEN. To advertise our Catalogue every purchaser of 7 Blinds for 10/- will receive 10/- WORTH OF GOODS ENTIRELY FREE, which they may select from our Catalogue of Blankets, Bedding, Ladies' & Gent's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, A.R.P. Necessities, etc. Don't miss this opportunity.

2 Navy Blue A.R.P. Blinds and 5/- Bonus for 5/- only, or 7 Navy Blue A.R.P. Blinds and 10/- Bonus for 10/- only. This AMAZING OFFER is open for TEN DAYS ONLY. So send NOW.

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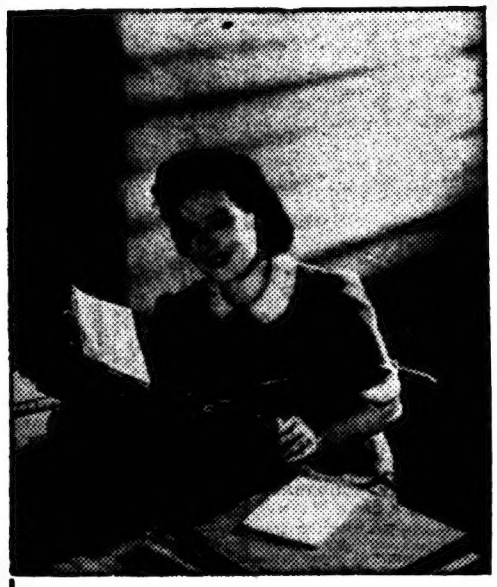
but you can get just as much energy from a ¼ lb. tin of FRY'S COCOA



FRY'S COCOA IS FOOD! If you want to make every penny you spend at the grocer's pay its way in nourishment, always remember that. *Every cupful of Fry's Cocoa is brimming with energy.* Every housewife, every man, every child is burning energy all the time. Unless this energy is put back in food, undernourishment and general failure in health result.

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DO NOT CONCENTRATE ON WAR

Do not concentrate your thoughts upon war subjects. You will find it very worrying and very bad for the nerves. Read, write, sketch, paint, study your vocation; anything that will occupy your mind and your time. Make use of the long dark nights by concentrating upon something useful.

During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc.; to-day a number of them are world-famed authors.

By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country, and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

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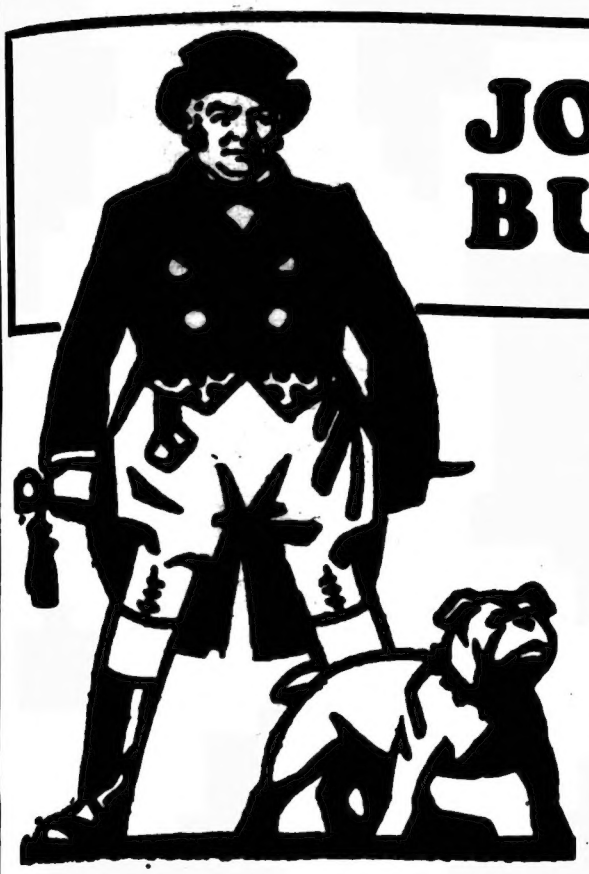
JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Nov. 25, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"



IF HITLER HAD BEEN KILLED

MOST sensational behind-the-scenes development since the war began was a whisper that dumbfounded Berlin last week.

Soon it seeped across frontiers, thanks to the secret codes of neutral diplomats, rose to a shout in the Foreign Offices of London and Paris, was blared forth from the radio stations of the Continent and the United States.

Diplomats in Berlin are convinced of its truth, satisfied that the attempt on Hitler's life in Munich was even more important than it seemed at first.

Decide Themselves

Had it succeeded, had Hitler been in the beer cellar when the bomb exploded, Goering would at once have formed a provisional Government and asked the Allies to stop the war until the fate of Germany could be decided by the Germans.

Austrian Plebiscite

His proposals would have included complete liberation of Czechoslovakia and Nazi-overrun Poland.

Russia would have been asked to give up her slice of Poland, the weakest part of his scheme.

There would be a plebiscite in Austria.

On "Right" Lines

Had these proposals been accepted the new and temporary German Government would have given way to a Government of the Right on the lines already forecast in these columns.

Goering was confident that such a Government would be welcomed by Germans.

Both the Army and the Social Democrats would have been invited to take part in it.

Still Their Dream

He would have asked the Allies for financial aid, a loan as substantial as that which Herr Wohltat, his envoy, discussed in London last summer and which dropped our Mr. R. S. Hudson into hot water.

That plan, which caused such an uproar in Britain at the time, has not been dropped by those still dreaming of an alliance with Germany against Bolshevism.

Although this has not been verified, it is said that Goering would also have asked the Allies for a guarantee against a spread of Communism in Europe.

. . . And the Results

Hitler's escape frustrated the scheme. You can imagine its effect on Hitler and Ribbentrop.

Ordinary Germans with relatives in the Nazi Party soon heard of it.

They remembered that Goering had not been in Munich when the bomb exploded, that he had always tried to prevent war with Britain, that the Allies have declared their willingness to talk peace with a Government they could trust.

Frantic Smoke Screen

It is by no means definite that Goering was the instigator of the bomb-plot.

All that can be said is that the bomb must have been planted with the connivance of trusted Nazis.

Hence the frantic smoke-screen thrown out by the Nazi Press in an effort to persuade the world that the British Secret Service was responsible.

No Trick Intended

United States observers believe that the bomb explosion was a Nazi effort to fool the Allies.

Had Goering succeeded in making peace with the Allies, they say, it would have been only a trick to secure Britain's support for action against Russia to preserve a disguised Nazi régime in Germany.

Investigations prove that no trick was intended.

Still Worship Him

Tremendous disquiet aroused in German cities by the leakage of the truth of this plot is already to be seen in efforts to revolt among certain classes.

Folly to pretend that the great majority of Germans have become aware of the details. The rural districts still worship Hitler blindly.

It is the industrial workers, kept informed by sympathisers in the Gestapo itself, the "moderate" Nazis and the Monarchists who have been encouraged by the plot.

This is Certain

Although we are always warning you against wishful thinking, you can accept these facts as certain:—

More and more people in Germany are growing restive and critical of Nazi rule.

The colossal casualties of the Polish campaign were a bitter enough pill to swallow. Now comes the spectre of large-scale war in the west, with the Fuehrer seemingly impotent and stagnant!

Growing Tension

No surprise that last week there were signs of growing tension, serious Monarchist unrest in Prussia and Bavaria.

Wholesale arrests of conspirators and propagandists followed demonstrations of Czech students in Prague.

Women Demonstrators

Troops off to the front from the Gustlinger Barracks, in Austria, had to be let out at the back gates because crowds of angry women were demonstrating against food scarcity.

Even troops themselves have been arrested on suspicion of disloyalty, and are being used as labourers on fortifications.

Anti-Nazi leaflets are being distributed in Hamburg and Berlin under cover of the black-out.

(Continued on page 8)

BRITAIN'S FOURTH LINE

THE NAVY
THE ARMY
THE AIR FORCE

and NOW—

'JOHN BULL'S' FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

THE British public has implicit faith in its Fighting Services. When Britain shouldered the burdens of war in the cause of a just and enduring peace, we all felt secure in our Navy, confident of our Army, and sure that our Air Force would give a good account of itself.

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This vital protection could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium. Moreover, in addition, "John Bull" offers Free Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Have you registered for this unparalleled DOUBLE Security? If not, do not delay. Use the Registration Forms on page 3 to-day.

Nazi Threats Mean Nothing to Our Vigilant War Office Chiefs

His office is his bedroom nowadays.

His Worrying Week

Sudden doubt about Goering's loyalty and the subtle dissuasions of his Army leaders were giving the Fuehrer the worst week of his life.

Convinced that his only hope was to invade the Netherlands to try a quick, smashing blow against Britain, Hitler found all his arguments countered by the stronger logic of his generals.

Changed His Mind

For days he hesitated, delayed even answering the peace appeal of Holland's Queen and the Belgian King.

Then he reluctantly abandoned ideas of invasion, consented not to launch a suicidal campaign against the Maginot Line, ordered the arrests of Goering's high officer friends, told harassed generals to devise some action that would not be costly but give an appearance of vigour and determination.

He's Ready

This news was received with equanimity in London.

It made no change to the day's work of our Army's highest brain, Sir Edmund Ironside, whose day is so busy anyway that he's had his camp bed put behind his desk

He made sure weeks ago that no sudden thrust could catch the Army unprepared.

Plans for even the most unlikely event are ready, could be put into operation at a few hours' notice.

—And So Is Newall

It did not give concern to Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, who, even though not underestimating the strength of Nazi air fleets, is satisfied that the R.A.F. can be kept on top.

Chief lesson of the war so far is that raids on Britain would not be worth the price unless the Nazis can obtain nearer air bases. The whole of Germany can be covered by aircraft from British bases in France.

Our production rate has for some months been the highest in the world.

Reassuring

To reassure nervous Germans, the Nazi Government is now circulating "inspired" stories of what Germany is to get after victory over England.

Included in these assurances are an indemnity giving a full pension to the dependants of every German soldier killed, the taking over of all British and French colonies, the return of Alsace-Lorraine, and the acquisition of all Allied gold by the Reichsbank.

The last is already being offered as security against demands by Nazis for German savings.

"Purging" Poland

Refugees escaping into neutral countries since the German conquest of Poland are supplying evidence to the League of Nations for future use of present atrocities in occupied territory.

Among these affidavits are several showing that more than 3,000 Poles have been condemned to death by the Gestapo without trial. They had been accused of "war guilt."

Prisons are crammed with Poles, arrested and held without explanation.

Subject peoples are being threatened that one Pole in every four will be executed before the country can be regarded as purged.

Firmer Attitude

Scandinavia is to adopt a still firmer attitude towards Nazi pressure.

Industrialists in Stockholm have been officially advised that they will be fully supported in resisting German demands for longer credits, or abitrary offers of barter.

The Swedish Government has informed Berlin that for every Scandinavian ship sunk by Nazi mines or submarines an equivalent cargo of iron ore bought by Germany will be withheld to make good the loss.

Since this stiffening of policy, the German navy has been instructed to clear the minefield that extended into Swedish territorial waters.

Government Activities

Through the mouth of Sir John Anderson the Government has admitted that even in war there may be unwarrantable restrictions on our liberty.

Last week Sir John bowed his head before prettily-named Mr. Dingle Foot, Liberal M.P., and brought in a Bill to restrict the exercise of certain powers by the police to spy cases.

Can't Happen Again

This was the victory to a long campaign by Mr. Foot against the Official Secrets Act of 1920, which Parliament passed with eyes shut.

Its tremendous scope became plain only when a Stockport journalist was fined £5 for refusing to disclose the sources of information he had given to his newspaper.

That case surprised even the Home Office, angered M.P.s. Now the Home Secretary has made sure that it can't happen again.

Graver Problems Ahead

Far graver problem arousing Parliamentary indignation is increase in unemployment.

Obviously, all our 1,400,000 workless people should be helping the national effort.

Hundreds of thousands of them are builders, steel workers, miners, engineers, farm workers.

A Thorny Problem

Next subject for war legislation—insurance policies—will probably be as thorny a difficulty as rates.

Present position is that unless families whose breadwinners have been called-up continue to pay weekly or monthly premiums regularly, policies lapse after nine or thirteen weeks arrears.

Merely Skirmishing

The Government and the companies are now merely skirmishing with each other. No agreement is in sight.

JOHN BULL urges that policy-holders should be given the same protection as that afforded to war-hit families in arrear with rent or hire-purchase.

Legislation should be introduced at once—and made retrospective.

That's His Idea

If Mr. J. M. Keynes had his way, all wage-earners, manual and "black-coat," would have their surplus income commandeered by the Government.

Mr. Keynes, famous economist, suggests that a bachelor earning up to £2 a week would contribute only a shilling a week; a married man getting £500 a year would have to pay £105 a year, income-tax of £27 10s. and compulsory savings of £77 10s.

These "savings" would go into a war fund paying 2½ per cent. interest, and be released after the war.

There is a Snag

A loan of £400,000,000 could be raised, he maintains, the worker would get more for his money, and savings would be released just at a time when trade is suffering from the slump that inevitably follows a war.

Obvious snag is that a man might die before his savings were returned to him.

The plan overlooks such factors as the rising cost of living and the abnormally high rent that many people have to pay.

For You!

"JOHN BULL'S" Gift to the children is "The Mammoth Book of Working Models," which is a toy-shop in itself, containing 12 large-size models already cut out for putting together. Models include a vertical steam engine, crane, spinning wheel, flying-boat, merry-go-round, three types of aircraft, and a power-house to drive the models. Then there are a model self-driven "Car of the Future," the "Queen Elizabeth," the "Coronation Scot" and the Tower Bridge. The announcement on page 2 gives you full details. Post your reservation forms to-day.

"The coward Hitler fears the war the bully Hitler has invoked," says

A. G. GARDINER

Dictator in a Dither!

His crimes are coming home to roost

THAT the peace move of the Queen of Holland and the King of the Belgians would have any immediate success was not to be expected.

The only condition on which peace can be discussed with Germany is the unconditional surrender of Hitler, the disgorging of his booty and the repudiation of his gospel of brigandage.

This condition will not be reached until Hitler is overthrown either from within Germany or from without.

"Hitler," as Herr Rauschning, who has written the most searching study of him, says—"Hitler is not a man with whom a reasonable being concludes an agreement: he is a phenomenon which one slays or is slain by."

I share the view expressed by Mr. Harold Nicholson in his new Penguin, "Why Britain is at War"—a book that all should read—when, quoting Rauschning's remark, he says, "We shall not be slain."

But neither he nor Rauschning nor anyone else can forecast with confidence when the alternative will be reached.

WE ARE SURE OF THE END, BUT WE MUST NOT INDULGE IN COMFORTABLE SPECULATIONS ON AN EARLY END, AND IN PREPARING FOR A LONG WAR THE GOVERNMENT IS GOING THE BEST WAY TO WORK TO MAKE IT A SHORT WAR.

WHAT we can say with confidence is that the flowing tide is with us.

We are nearing the end of the first three months of the war, and except for the incidents at sea, nothing has happened.

Instead of the lightning war which was to be Hitler's stupendous gamble for a knock-out blow, the world is presented with a deadlock in which up to the time of writing, no major stroke has been struck or even attempted.

For those who loathe war and wish to drive its hateful shadow from the earth this is matter for rejoicing.

We could wish for nothing so much as the painless extinction of war by the universal fear to unleash its horrors.

But this is not the aspiration of Hitler. His whole system is founded on the gospel of violence.

There can be no peace, he has said, until one man has made himself master of the earth.

He has terrorised Europe by the vastness of his armaments and by his truculent threats to use them.

"I will risk a world war," he told Mr. Chamberlain at Munich "rather than postpone my attack on Czechoslovakia a day."

And on the eve of the Polish invasion he declared to Sir Nevile Henderson that he would rather have the war now when he was only fifty than that it should be delayed until he was fifty-five or fifty-six.

What, then, is the explanation of his astonishing inaction when the war he had invited came?

One reason, no doubt, is that he did not expect it to come.

He is that not uncommon mixture, a bully and a coward, as his conduct in the famous *putsch* at Munich in 1923 showed.

No. one can read "Mein Kampf" without realising how largely his policy is based on the conviction that if you threaten and foam at the mouth enough people will surrender at once on the run and will continue to run.

HE EXPERIMENTED FIRST ON WHAT HE CALLED "THE MUTTON-HEADED GERMANS."

And having made himself their tyrant, he tried the same arts on the European stage with such success that his bluff and his genius for lying propaganda brought him within sight of the dictatorship of Europe.

Encouraged by the assurances of the egregious Ribbentrop that Britain and France would never fight, encouraged, too, by our own fatal blindness to the facts, he convinced himself that he could make himself master of Europe by a succession of white wars.

The result was that when at last the bluff was called he could not accommodate himself to the fact.

Faced with a situation he had not contemplated, he began to flounder.

He fell on Stalin's neck, hoping that the picture of Stalin and Ribbentrop grinning companionably at each other would strike panic into the Anglo-French front and blow it to the winds.

INSTEAD, he discovered that the Anglo-French front was not a penny the worse, and that what really had happened was that he had smashed his precious anti-Comintern axis.

He had lost Italy, Japan and Spain. The bear's paws, in Mr. Churchill's picturesque phrase, were planked down on the Baltic States and the Balkan States.

He was barred from the East, not only by Russia, but also by Turkey. And he had lost—most important of all—all hope of closing the Mediterranean to us.

For the sake of a chilly embrace from Comrade Stalin he had brought down his whole structure with a crash.

He had not a friend he could trust around him—nothing but States openly hostile or secretly praying for his downfall.

In his desperation, with the war still hanging fire, he clung to his old worn-out tricks.

If only he could isolate Britain?

If only he could buy off France?

Ribbentrop was sure that he could. But then Ribbentrop had been sure that Britain would never fight.

Still, it was worth trying. So, instead of getting on with his lightning war, Hitler addressed himself to winning the affections of France, with what success the French reply to the peace appeal is sufficient witness.

BUT it is not only the political landslide in Germany's external relations that explains the palsy that has afflicted Hitler's war so far.

There is also the internal unrest.

IT IS WISE TO DISCOUNT MUCH THAT WE HEAR ON THAT SUBJECT, BUT ENOUGH IS KNOWN BEYOND DISPUTE TO INDICATE THAT HITLER HAS ABUNDANT REASON FOR GOING SLOW.

He could keep down his enemies while he was winning his white wars, trampling on his little neighbours, and giving the impression of invincible power.

But now all the suppressed hostilities are bursting out, and his secret police are fighting against half the nation.

Whether the Munich bomb episode belonged to the Reichstag fire category, whether it came from within the Gestapo itself, or whether it was the work of his open enemies, it is equally ominous.

His crimes are coming home to roost.

Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, with their smouldering fires, will burst into flame when reverses come, as they will come.

The monarchists, the Catholics, the Lutherans, the Socialists, the Jews, the intellectuals, the Junkers, the trading class, all have their scores to settle with the tyrant.

Nor can it be supposed that the Army has forgotten its Schleicher, its Blomberg, its von Fritsch, and the rest of its leaders who have been assassinated or degraded by the ex-corporal.

In the light of all this, it is not difficult to understand that the coward Hitler fears the war that the bully Hitler has invoked, and snatches at any device that will avert its inexorable judgment.

SONS OF OUR EMPIRE

By "J. M."

One by One they take their stand beside us. One by One they come to right the wrong. One by One, across God's blue ocean, they come to swell Old Britain's mighty throng. One by One they march the road that we march; the road that leads to Freedom for Mankind. One by One they make the Great Decision, as our Empire in one Golden Sheaf they bind. One by One they give their vast resources; their Manhood and the riches of their lands. Till Britain's Cup is filled and overflowing, held in their willing, loyal, eager hands.

One by One they'll pit their strength to measure against the onslaught of Defeat and Hate. One by One they will uphold the Treasure of Liberty of Soul and Mind and State. One by One they'll shoulder the Great Burden, with faces set toward new Hopes and Light. Till One by One men build a Greater Empire; a world-wide Commonwealth of Peace and Right; and build it so that every Nation's interests are measured by their special vital need. Then will this War have served its suffering purpose, and the New World from the Old World wars be freed.

Here are the Answers

War has created many problems not easily solved by the average man. John Bull's experts have investigated them to keep you informed.

What are *our* submarines doing?

BRITAIN'S submarines are fulfilling their primary purpose as weapons of offence against enemy naval craft. Of the forty-four submarines mentioned in the last Blue Book, some are waiting near the "bolt-holes" of the German Fleet, others near the routes that Nazi raiders would take on their way to the open sea.

Britain has no "small submarines" listed. Most are capable of long ocean voyages. In strategic positions in far-away seas they will also help in hunting German pocket battleships that have escaped into the Atlantic.

And they are watching neutral ports from which "bottled-up" German liners may make an armed sortie. Nazi High Seas trade is finished, but the "subs." are still on the job.

★

Why have railway companies been so s'ow in introducing such war time amenities as better lighting in carriages, and better services? Why is there such variation among mainline companies in providing public comfort?

ALL such measures involve large capital outlays for which companies *are not sure about being compensated.* Railways learned a month ago that a scheme for permanent nationalisation was being prepared by the Ministry of Transport, and plans for compensating companies for war time services, which had been shelved temporarily, were to be used as a basis for pushing through this nationalisation project.

The war will have produced at least one good thing if it hastens State ownership of railways.

★

Why, after establishing Government Departments and Civil Servants in provincial hotels, are they now to be moved to hutments?

THE Government has discovered that the compensation to which owners of four hundred commandeered hotels are entitled for the first few months of the war is more than sufficient to pay for permanent buildings.

Ensuring the safety of the 25,000 Civil Servants, at present accommodated in these hotels, has meant that hotel workers have been thrown out of employment.

Departmental work can be carried on more efficiently in properly designed hutments than in hotel corridors, bedrooms, bathrooms and lounges.

★

We began this war with less than two-thirds of the merchant shipping tonnage we owned in 1914. U-boats, sea raiders and mines have reduced tonnage still further. Must we wait until the end of the war for these losses to be replaced?

EVERY British shipyard, except those doing only naval work, is busy turning out Merchant vessels. The tonnage recently launched and near completion is more than our war losses so far.

One fifth of all tonnage being built at the moment is on Government account. To keep out foreign profiteers in freights the State will be "shipowners" for the duration. Vessels will be operated by British private firms.

★

Has anything been gained by the "emergency" extension of Summer Time?

DAY-SHIFT factories have profited in saving electric light bills, and the nightly "black-out" has come a little later in the working day, helping millions of homeward-bound workers.

The extension has been disastrous for agriculture. In huge areas of the country, beet and potato crops are not in yet. Women potato "lifters," for instance, cannot start work till 8 a.m. instead of 7 a.m., and most cease work at 3 p.m. so they can go home to cook meals for husbands and children.

★

Can anything be done to avoid "ice conditions," encountered by some of our long-range reconnaissance flights over Germany?

ICE is an inevitable hazard considering the great height at which such flights are made. It can form as easily in summer as in winter. One cure is for aircraft to descend to warmer air levels before ice builds up sufficiently to put the machine out of control.

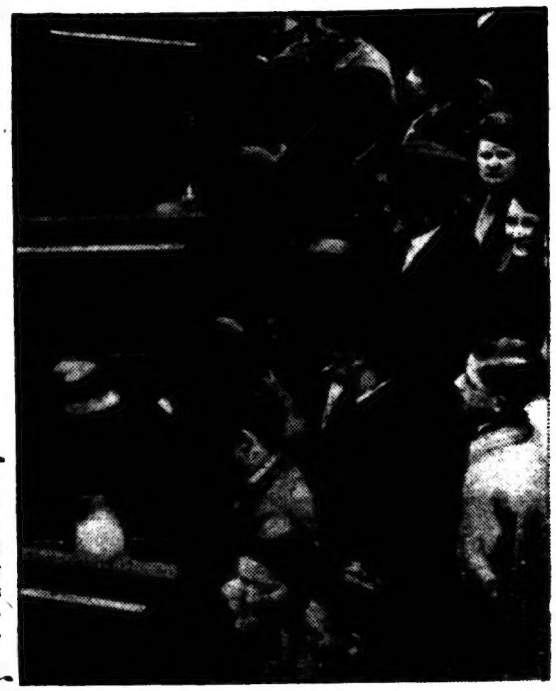
But at lower levels, aircraft is more open to enemy observation and attack.

★

Is there a likely shortage of bread?

WORLD figures for wheat harvests indicate that big producers are again entering on "seven fat years." Canada's crop of 479,000,000 bushels is the largest since the bumper year of 1928.

The Argentine, Australia, Britain and France have all produced crops well above average. Having for years waited for war "when the harvest is in," it is ironic that German and associated "Nazi group" harvests are poor.



"The war will have produced at least one good thing if it hastens State ownership of railways."

"Greatest of These"

THROUGHOUT the last war unt'l to-day, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund has never ceased to help those bereft by the storm of war.

Started with the object of bringing hope to suffering ex-Service men and their dependents in September, 1914, the Fund has saved many hard-hit families from Poor Law institutions, replenished street-vendors' stocks, helped men, women and children to buy clothes and to enter convalescent homes.

Struggling widows, ill-fed mothers with sickly children, and ex-Service men, broken in health and spirit, have all expressed their gratitude, time and again, to the readers who have made it possible for "John Bull" to continue with this work.

Even so, thousands of families in this country watch the approach of Christmas with dread.

Far from thinking of festivities they wonder how they can find the bare essentials for living in the dark days of December.

No food, no fuel, Christmas is a time of suffering for them, unless they can be helped.

Already through the generous co-operation of readers JOHN BULL has assisted 600 families during 1939 from the War Sufferers' Fund; hungry children have been fed, a gleam of hope kindled in the anxious faces of harassed parents through the postman delivering a registered letter from JOHN BULL.

Yet still more help is needed

With the cost of living increasing, even the bare necessities will soon be denied to many who can barely make ends meet at the best of times.

When you are doing your Christman shopping think of Gladys, the girl whose photograph appears in this column. She is the daughter of a Lancashire woman, whose husband's health suffered so much in the last war that he has never held a permanent job since leaving the Army.

There are four children under eleven and another baby is expected, and now the woman's husband has had a seizure.

She writes to us, pleading desperately for assistance.

The local clergyman gives the family excellent references. In fact, no family receives help from the Fund unless the circumstances of distress have been investigated.

Money is urgently needed! JOHN BULL implores readers to assist by sending donations, however small.

They should be earmarked "Seizure" or "Christmas Appeal" and sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's donors will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund. We gratefully acknowledge 5s. from "Bim."

Imaginary Interviews on the Black-out Bus

Slight Cases of Murder

WOT'S this, a Mark? Can't change no Marks on this 'ere bus, nor I don't know where else you can change 'em if it comes to that. Germany's got so many "bad marks," if you see wot I mean, Mister!

"'Oo's fault is that?" you ask me. "'Asn't Britain been doing 'er best for years past to murder the credit of the Reich?"

Strewth, Mister, you're talking like Lord Haw-Haw 'imself, the big Hamburger, the real 'Ot Dog of them Nasty broadcasts!

Seems to me, mind you, that the poor old Mark going West looks more like suicide than murder, but I grant you Lord Haw-Haw would put it dahn to us. You should 'ave 'eard 'im the other night. 'E said our Secret Service was be'ind every big political bump-off for donkey's years.

'E wouldn't 'ave been surprised if our Foreign Office 'adn't slipped Cain a packet to take Abel for a ride!

Honest, 'e went back as far as King Charles the First! It was our Secret Service wot done 'im in, too! Kind of an open Secret Service, that must 'ave been, according to the 'istory books.

Wot's that you say?

"Our 'istory books are all faked"? Nacherally, the facts 'ave been "murdered" by the Secret Service. I'll bet a German 'istory would tell us 'ow we assassinated Lincoln.

This Haw-Haw Hamburger says we 'ired the gunman wot did in the Grand Duke at Serajevo and started the last War. And the British Secret Service 'ad King Alexander murdered in France, not to mention that Roumanian Premier a little while back.

"There'll be a murder on this 'bus, and you won't blame the Secret Service"

The bomb that missed old 'Itler was made in England and planted in that Munich beer cellar by Secret Service agents!

'E thinks of pretty well everything once 'e gets going, does old Haw-Haw, and 'is voice is "fraightfully naice and upper clawss." Just like yours, Mister.

But there wos one or two slight cases of murder wot 'e overlooked. 'E went back to Charles the First, but 'e skipped the last day of June in 1934, the day of the 'Itler "blood bath."

'E couldn't fasten that on Britain. Adolf 'Itler 'imself gave the order for that butchery. 'E looked 'is old friend, Roehm, in the eyes and sent 'im to the firing squad.

'E 'ad 'is old comrade, General von Schleicher, shot down like a dog and with 'im 'is wife.

Scores, p'raps 'undreds, of the men who raised 'im to power were massacred in cold blood at 'is command, and 'Itler stood by and said, "I am responsible for the fate of Germany: I am supreme judge of the German people."

And 'e is responsible for more than that; 'e's responsible for the fate of Europe.

'Oo is Adolf 'Itler to talk of murder now?

'Oo is 'e to talk of treachery when 'e 'as sold 'is people into bondage and betrayed 'is country to the Russians that 'ad been their sworn enemies?

But excuse me, Mister; I'm getting so 'ot under the collar that, if you were Lord Haw-Haw himself, I believe there might be a murder on this old bus. And you wouldn't be able to blame that on the Secret Service.

Strife among nations causes no change in the timeless course of nature

The Rev. PAT McCORMICK

famed radio pastor, has a message of hope for the doubters

WHAT is GOD DOING?

LAST week we saw that if God is Love, He must be working to help man in spite of man's deliberate rejection of Him. This is well illustrated in that hymn which King George V liked so much, "O Love that will not let me go."

But it cannot be only with the individual that God deals, it is also with nations and history, too. In spite of what man may do, "God is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year."

To try to see God's love in history is a fascinating study, but I can't attempt to do it here, as we are talking of the present and what God is doing now.

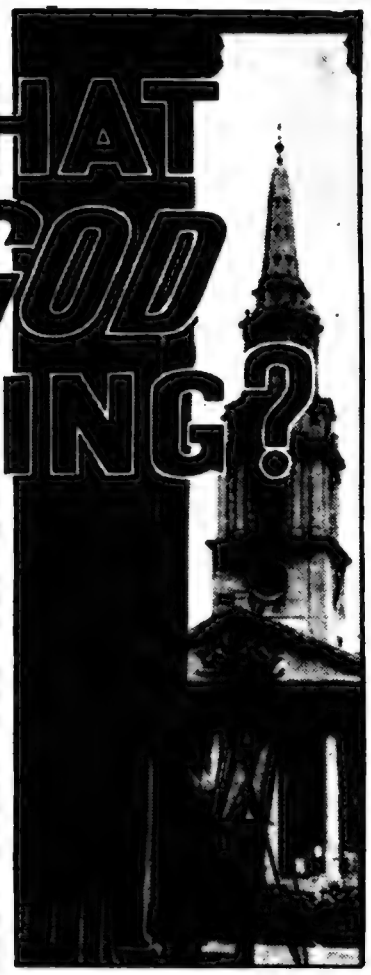
We believe that war is an evil thing and that it is the result of man's sin and therefore not according to God's Will, but that does not mean that God stands outside and does nothing. The *Christian News-letter* puts it bluntly: **"God is working His purpose out not merely in spite of, but actually through the tragedy itself."**

That makes you sit up and take notice.

Even war is an opportunity for God to show men His Will, and perhaps a greater opportunity than the continuance of a peace which really is no peace.

The fact that we are at war again shows two things: (a) that men's evil passions have not changed nor been curbed by the last war; and (b) that we did not make the foundations of peace firm.

God has never given any encouragement to the idea of living in a fool's paradise. We too often make our own; but God doesn't. He has always said that there must be a change of heart.



St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London —Pat McCormick's church

WE used to think before 1914 that man was gradually evolving from the ape and under his own power could advance towards perfection. The last war fairly knocked that on the head; but what about this war?

Evil, injustice and oppression stalk naked through half Europe at least. In many ways man has reverted to the ape. God is showing the world the hopelessness of this for His children; He is using the tragedy to show up what man has become without Him, in spite of what man has learned of so-called culture and civilisation.

Again, God is showing us that our foundations for peace were wrong. We were so keen to have peace after being fed up with the last war that it became almost a cry of "peace at any price." We forgot that there can be no real peace unless it is based on justice and right dealing to all nations; to put it bluntly, we have not been willing to pay the price and make the sacrifices which were made in the last war, and will be made in this, to build a new and Christian relationship, a new world.

We have put peace and security before justice and fair dealing both in international and our own social relationships. God is showing us afresh the truth He has been proclaiming down the ages, that we are one brotherhood under one Father, and that if one member suffers all the members are bound to suffer with him.

God is calling us to learn the lesson, to see the futility of a patched-up peace, and to practise the Christian attitude so that when nations meet they can do so in the spirit of the question, "What can I do for you?" rather than "How can you be a convenience to me?"

Now we will turn back to the God Who is able to deal with His children individually, especially when His children exercise their free-will and have nothing to do with Him.

We have seen He can't remain passive, as His nature is Love. I remember hearing Studdert-Kennedy ("Woodbine Willie") preach a sermon on what he called "The real elder brother" in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

HE showed that such a son would be at one with his Father, and when the younger boy went off to spend his money in riotous living and didn't come back, he would go off to try to find him and bring him back; suffering any privation to do this because he loved him.

He then showed this was exactly what Jesus did for us. God will not let any of His children go—neither you nor me, nor anyone—without trying His utmost to bring us to a right mind. *But not forcing us.*

How can He do it? Surely in heaps of different ways—the thought of the old home, the father or mother, the things we learned there when we were kids; the reading of an article; the things we call chance, or coincidence or even luck.

Call it God, and you will find He is speaking to you. Try to see His hand in things and time, and you will be surprised to find that it was God Who was helping you.

I have seen it so often in my life and in the lives of others, that I am sure His love is working day by day, so that we may become what He wants us to be, conscious children of a Heavenly Father.

For a Change Here is a Feature with

NOTHING ABOUT THE WAR

HUNDREDS of Southsea people find themselves haughtily independent of winter cabbage.

They are gathering the stinging-nettles that grow waist-high round the old castle and using them instead. They taste just like spinach.

Few of them realise why Southsea has Britain's best crop of stinging-nettles.

They were first planted to avert a naval mutiny in the time of Charles I.

The brewers refused to supply beer to the Governor because he owed them £700, and the thirsty navy was restive—so he ordered special waist-high nettles and proceeded to brew nettle beer for them.

The sailors just managed to tolerate it—until the bill was paid.

But the nettles are still there, and Southsea's mothers—as cute in their generation as the old Governor was in his—tell their daughters: "They're awfully good for the complexion."

* * *

Observed at a philatelic conference in the United States: "The unique position of Great Britain in the world is shown by the fact that it is the only country that has no need to put its name on its stamps."

* * *

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run, run . . .

THIS year, for the first time in history, Britain's export of rabbit skins will exceed £1,000,000. It may even touch £1,500,000.

As the figures for the past three years are £922,000 (1936), £823,000 (1937) and £540,000 (1938), it looks as if the modern rabbits aren't running quite fast enough.

Not only is the Board of Trade happy about it, but the Treasury, too.

Reason: £1,500,000 worth of foreign currency, much of it American, will come in very useful for—well, a certain purpose.

* * *

Miss Chandler, of Ledbury, Herefordshire, tells us of a young girl who has broken her engagement to a young sailor—and now regrets it bitterly.

She learned from his birth-certificate that he was born in "H.M. Prison."

And he was too proud to tell her that it happened while his mother was visiting her father—who happened to be a high official of the prison service resident in the jail.

* * *

NEW issue of the International Code of Flag Signals, agreed upon by all nations, is just out.

Object, of course, is to enable ships at sea to say anything they like to each other by means of flag signals.

But one signal has been omitted from the new issue—quite by accident. It is the flag which says: "Let us keep together for mutual protection."

And there are occasions—no need to say what they are—when such a signal is more than ordinarily useful.

* * *

FOR reasons not important here, London's Zoo is wanting people to adopt its animals.

You can't take them away with you. But that isn't the only reason why a market-place vendor who wanted to prove to his audiences that he learnt his prescription for ointment from a cannibal chief in the jungle has had to be refused.

A word in your ear, if you want to become a partner in a zoo. A squirrel will only cost you 1s. a week while nuts are cheap; a porcupine a penny more; a sea-lion 30s. if herrings happen to be plentiful.

But dodge the okapi like a plague. He insists on vast quantities of milk with the cream on.

There's little hope, however, if you want a panda, those furry little objects with black eyes. (Jealous monkeys, which are not in demand, would like to give them black eyes of a different kind.)

They've all been snapped up already. Everybody is pandering to the pandas.

* * *

DESPITE the activities of Britain's schoolboys, the crop of Britain's apple-trees is estimated to have reached 9,000,000 cwt.

Statistically put, that is a hundred pounds of apples for every household in the kingdom, or enough to keep 120,000,000 doctors away.

Vast quantities are doomed to rot on the trees, however.

The canning industry hit on the idea of reducing surplus supplies to a purée, which would enable them to offer the public the biggest quantity of apple possible in a tin at the lowest possible price.

Such a purée could be used for tarts, pies, puddings, etc., or in sauces.

But despite representations to the Government, they were unable to get the labour to pick them.

Many thousands of housewives in country districts are solving the problem for themselves.

They are cutting apples into rings and hanging them up to dry in warm kitchens to make evaporated apple-rings of them. Most old-fashioned cookery books give one way or another of doing it.

Why not try it yourself? Such reserve supplies come in very useful during——.

We nearly said it!

Write to "John Bull" About it

Mother and Son

Sentiments, rarely expressed in peace, have been revealed by war-time post-bags. JOHN BULL *offers half a guinea for extracts from the letters of separated mothers and sons, realising that in these human documents there is a wealth of courage and human interest. . . .*

My dear Boy

YOU are a treasure to let dad and me have another letter so soon. If only you could have seen dad's face!

He's busy on the farm getting the corn planted, and he has a lot more land to plough this time. He's doing the long meadow, and as he ploughs his mind is on the four years he spent in Flanders last time.

"Comradeship—that's what the lad's getting," he says when he comes home. "There's nothing like the comradeship of the trenches. No high-and-mighties. No superiors. It's the greatest thing in the world, that comradeship."

I think he feels lonely when he's ploughing.

From Twickenham.

I RUMMAGED in the attic yesterday,
And found the toys with which you used to play;
Discarded, grubby, broken here and there,
Telling of years that never knew a care
Unless it were the scoldings of your dad,
Or marble-playing prowess of another lad!

* * *

I rummage in my mind to-day and see
The jolly little boy you used to be;
I know that still you're happy, bright and gay,
Though you are overseas, so far away.
And now I pray that you will guarded be
And that Almighty God will bring you back to me.

From Manchester.

NOW I've got a bone to pick with you, you naughty boy. You didn't post the water-rate that I gave you five months ago.

The collector said the company hadn't got it, and I said they had. Then I thought of looking in your "pin-stripe" suit. And there it was.

I told him the culprit was in France, and he replied, "Madam, I had three years out there last time, and we had so much rain that I've never wanted to pay a penny piece for water ever since."

A nice man. He talked about war for an hour.

Dear Mum

THE sergeant-major called us "a sound lot of trained men," and if you know anything about sergeant-majors you will realise that we must be angels for him to call us that.

I was picked out with three more lads and an N.C.O. for fire picket last Friday. Our captain brought a patent hand pump, which fitted into a bucket of water and took us outside for a trial.

He set me pumping while the N.C.O. held the hose.

I put so much energy into pumping that Corporal Grimble couldn't hold the hose, and the water drenched everybody.

The captain got it right in the eye. He glared at everybody, but I noticed a little side smile, ever such a sly one, as he walked away.

He's not as tough as he pretends.

From a School of Aeronautics.

LOOK here, mum, please knock that nonsense about joining up out of dad's head. I don't want to hear another word about it.

He's over age, he did his bit last time, and he's just talking through his hat.

If he dares to do anything silly, I'll desert and besmirch the family name. That'll make him look silly.

From an Infantry Camp.

SEND me a 10-man cake, but don't bother about winter pants.

When I put on a clean pair of socks, I just push the pair I am wearing a little further up my leg, and as I've got enough threaded on my legs to reach my thighs I shan't be needing long pants.

It's all mud here, but who cares?

From a battleship.

WE have a sort of "All Hands on Deck" practice, and just as we were trying it a Portuguese fishing boat came fussing up to ask whether we wanted any help.

The darned thing wasn't as BIG AS OUR KITCHEN, yet every man on board had a sort of "Can we take you off?" look on his face. I don't know what would have happened if we'd all said "Yes."

Bill Higgins, the funny cove, came up to several of us the other day, just as the seas were running like skyscrapers, and asked, "What seaside resort are you going to next August?"

We all told him. It wasn't Skegness!

From France.

SO long, mother. And remember my great phrase, "It'll all come right in the wash."

What's more, our Colours won't run!

His letters home are brimful of a fine spirit of comradeship

ARGUE IT OUT!

"For Valour"

by Pallas

IN the "Big" War—as I heard the 1914-18 struggle described the other day to distinguish it from the present war of nerves and propaganda—570 of the 8,904,000 fighting men mobilised by the Empire won the Victoria Cross.

The names of those men go down on an imperishable scroll of glory. They have stood out among their fellows by virtue of a small bronze Maltese cross on which are inscribed simply the words, "For Valour."

But that small piece of metal takes precedence over the proudest Orders of chivalry. At once the most democratic and most exclusive of all decorations it ranks before the Most *Honourable* Order of the Bath, the Most *Exalted* Order of the Star of India, the Most *Distinguished* Order of St. Michael and St. George, and the Most *Eminent* Order of the Indian Empire.

Sovereigns and nations may confer on their statesmen and benefactors glittering stars and rich, broad ribbons; may cover them in a blaze of Goeringesque splendour. But all the pomp of those Orders—most of them confined to men of birth and money and political standing—fade before the dull, red ribbon of the Victoria Cross.

We British don't prate much of "Glory." The Navy's highest praise is "Well done"; the Army and the Air Force take courage and sacrifice for granted. And the country follows the lead of the Services in according its heroes a just, but not extravagant, measure of praise.

Every V.C. below commissioned rank receives, or is entitled to receive, a special annuity of £10. It is a paltry assessment of courage.

Better than money would be a dignified and expressive gift worthy of a nation's gratitude.

Here is a suggestion for the making and shaping of such a gift—a suggestion which I pray his Majesty's Ministers of State may note and put into practical form so far as the V.Cs of this present war are concerned.

It is a simple yet pleasing suggestion—merely the gift to each recipient of the V.C. a bust of himself or herself in bronze.

I am told that there are many sculptors willing and eager to execute such work, and that the cost of each bust would not exceed £30. Note that such a tribute from the nation to the whole of the V.Cs or their relatives in the last War would have been about £17,000.

SCATTERED about London and every provincial town and city are huge costly statues in bronze and stone to the big men of war—the Wellingtons, the Napiers, the Marlboroughs and others of more recent years.

They were all professional soldiers, all paid handsomely to do the job for which they were trained.

None of them is so deserving of a nation's thanks as the Tommy or Jack who gives up job and home to go in time of need to the aid of his country.

A bronze bust which will serve as a permanent memorial is a poor enough reward for a V.C. compared to the costly pageantry of a statue.

Those who win the Victoria Cross won't want a bust of themselves—modesty and courage are twin handmaidens. But there are others—mothers and wives, sons and daughters—who would treasure such a tribute to the bravery of their menfolk, would regard it as a family heirloom beyond price, and would pass it on proudly to future generations.

Instead of photographs the busts with the words "For Valour" would be enshrined in the homes and the hearts of women of empire.

3-Minute Mystery

Canteen Robbery

CAPTAIN JOHN CONNOLLY, of the Intelligence, picked up five packets of cigarettes that had been standing on the window-sill, and placed them on a near-by shelf before grasping the window and pushing it up as far as it would go.

The window stuck about half-way up, and he squeezed his head and shoulders through the 19-in. gap, shouting to Lieutenant Smythe, who was measuring footprints in the muddy earth below.

"What do you make of 'em, Smythe?" he called.

"They seem to be Service boots," came the answer. "There was only one man. He wore nines."

Connolly withdrew his head and turned to Joshua Nash, the contractor in charge of the canteen.

"You say that the money was stolen between eleven o'clock last night and seven this morning?" he asked.

"I locked it in that drawer shortly after eleven last night, and when I came in this morning I noticed that the drawer had been forced. The money had gone."

"Have you touched anything?"

"Not a thing. As soon as I saw the money was missing, I locked the door and went to report the robbery."

"This money belonged to the troops, didn't it?"

"Most of it did. A fiver of it was mine, and £37 10s. belonged to some of the men."

"Sure you locked that window last night?"

"Positive!"

"And the door?"

"Yes. I locked that, too. The fellow couldn't have come through there. That leads to my own quarters and I would have seen anybody going through there. The thief must've come through the window."

"You're lying, Nash!" snapped Connolly. "You're the thief! You faked this robbery to get away with the money yourself! You're under arrest! Come on!"

WHY DID HE ARREST NASH?

Turn to page 34.

OPEN LETTERS

Rear-Admiral H. M. BURROUGH

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Although you are hardly known to the general public, you are among the war's most competent leaders.

In charge of our system of contraband control, your men are seizing about 20,000 tons of goods from German ships every day.

Nearly a fifth of that is goods intended for the German army. The rest is valuable war material that will help to crush Hitlerism.

You have not damaged a single vessel carrying prohibited goods to our foes. Nazis have sunk thirty-two neutral ships carrying war necessities to us.

You hold suspected neutral ships for only a day or two. Nazis delay them for weeks.

When there is no reason for suspicion your men carry out their inspection so rapidly that a vessel can get away again within a few hours.

Astonishing how quickly they have made themselves trade detectives! No artful skipper can deceive them.

Easy enough, maybe, for them to spot such obvious cargoes as cereals, fibres, cotton, hides and skins, coal and oilseeds. But it needs expert eyes to identify a load of chlorate of potash, sulphur, wolframite, molybdenum or manganese ore.

Yet there's reason to believe they miss nothing. The magnitude of their weekly haul is ample proof of their vigilance, as ceaseless as the watch that is defeating the U-boat peril, and keeping sea lanes open for our merchantmen.

On all counts, your important branch of the Navy is doing a vital job in first-class style. Here's to you!—JOHN BULL.

He makes the blockade a real stranglehold.

Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, M.P.,
Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Regulations should at once be drafted to compel all employers to pay a living wage.

A man of twenty-three receives 25s., less insurance, for a week's hard work in a Hull sawmills. A young fellow of twenty in a small Ripon flour-mills gets the same for carrying bags weighing from eight to seventeen stone.

Typical examples from my morning mail! How can their victims keep healthy in these times of dearer food?—JOHN BULL.

Sergeant FREDERICK GARDINER,
R.A.F.

DEAR GARDINER,—So they call you "Lucky Guy" at home. Lucky, tough, and plucky!

The King must have thought so when awarding you the O.B.E.

He heard how you carried on with your job after being shot in the head, set your 'plane's course for the base and, when the machine caught fire on landing and flames set your clothes alight, rescued the wireless operator with bare hands before attending to your own burning clothes.

I'm proud to salute you, sergeant.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Dundee

GENTLEMEN,—I am staggered by your attitude.

Although a soldier's wife was unable to pay rent because she had received no allowance for seven weeks—her husband had to borrow from his commanding officer to help her—you sought to eject her and her five children.

I am sorry for landlords, both private and municipal, who are badly hit by war. I am glad courts are refusing to allow tenants, hit far more badly, to be hounded from home.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. WILKIN,
Thundersley, Essex

DEAR SIR,—Now, don't be unreasonable. You can't expect common sense from officialdom, particularly in war time.

It's bad luck that you are having to close your garage. Worse luck that the local council demands that you shall fill your petrol tanks with water—about 2,500 gallons would be required—as soon as you cease to use them.

You may think the council should know you have no water supply, that you have to fetch even your drinking water each day, but maybe the councillors will help you fill the tanks by bringing up a few bucketfuls each day.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Your pitiless "No" to the plea for better old age pensions should bring you shame even for the sake of a Loughboro' woman, fined 10s. for a black-out offence, who said her only income was the pension.

After paying 9s. 2d. rent, she had 10d. left to live on.

I do not marvel that she could not afford to buy black-out materials. I marvel that she manages to eke out a miserable existence.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice BUCKNILL

MY LORD,—Your new ruling should end one of the stupidest and ugliest flaws in the English divorce law.

Within six months of a woman obtaining a decree nisi, she was cajoled into living with a man who promised to marry her when her divorce was made absolute, though actually he was already married.

Nevertheless, you have refused the King's Proctor's application that divorce should be denied her; you insist that the six months which must elapse between the two stages of an English divorce is not intended as a test of the petitioner's morality.

Thank you for making justice juster and cleaner. JOHN BULL.

Sir HORACE WILSON,
Head of the Civil Service

DEAR SIR,—I agree with the evacuation of women and children from our vulnerable areas. I think it wise to move our vital Departments of State to safe districts.

But I protest against the decision to send thousands more Civil Servants, who are not engaged on war-essential work, from London to the remote north.

You must be aware that it is causing grave dissatisfaction, the destruction of family life and other hardships, and great expense to the already burdened taxpayer. See that it is stopped!—JOHN BULL.

P.A.C. Dept.,
Manchester

GENTLEMEN,—Stop trying to exceed your authority.

When an old man was taken into a public assistance hospital you wrote to his landlady asking that his old age pension book should be forwarded to you.

You have no power to demand the surrender of a pension book, and I have advised the old man to see that your request is refused.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LESLIE BURGIN,
Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Evidently your petty panjandrums have their own form of usury.

They commandeered at pre-war prices big stocks of paper laid in before the war. Now merchants are being allowed to buy back their own stocks at a 60 per cent. increase in price.

How in the name of sanity can you justify that?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—Threaten heavy penalties to *Smart Alec* shopkeepers.

Readers complain that assistants refuse to serve them unless they "register" at the same shop for all provisions—butter, bacon, sugar, and so on.

I urge them to report all such examples of sharp practice to the local food committee.

I urge you to make sure your rationing plans are not grossly exploited.—JOHN BULL.

MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT

DEAR SIRS,—Thanks for the extra London 'buses, but don't forget the provinces.

Miners can't get to the pits for lack of transport; shopgirls wait half an hour in the rain to get home; villages are marooned.

Bad for health, temper and trade!—JOHN BULL.

War Measures—and You—
by a Barrister M.P.

PRICE CONTROL

IN its efforts to keep down prices to consumers, the Government has instituted rigid control of such foodstuffs as butter, eggs, tea, sugar, salmon, potatoes, allowing shopkeepers to sell only under licence and adjusting maximum prices, above which it is an offence to sell.

The opposite procedure is to be applied to clothes, footwear, household requisites and other commodities.

Supplies of these are neither to be requisitioned nor controlled, no licence will be necessary to deal in them, and maximum prices will only be arranged if it is obvious that profiteering has started.

These twin safeguards of your war time purse will operate through the Local Food Control Committee and the Local Price-Regulating Committee, and the value of their work will mainly depend on the vigour and efficiency of those appointed to manage them.

LOCAL Food Control Committees, appointed by Local Government Authorities, must be created in every borough, urban and rural district, and *must* consist of fifteen members.

Five of them must be local tradesmen, a grocer, a butcher, an officer of a co-operative society and two other retail food suppliers.

Of the "representatives of all classes in the area" among the ten non-traders on the committee, two of them must be women.

Each committee will grant, revoke or transfer licences to trade in the various commodities: keep registers of retailers and see that all Orders issued by the Minister are obeyed.

ALTHOUGH not so numerous, Local Price-Regulating Committees will keep a watchful eye on the trend of prices, hear complaints against excessive charges and make recommendations to the Central Price-Regulating Committee for making orders to adjust prices.

They will also have power to call for books and documents of any trader dealing in goods for which prices have been arranged and can report offenders for prosecution.

The legislation behind these Price-Regulating Committees forbids a tradesman to evade the Act either by refusing to sell price-fixed goods to any buyer wanting them (unless he can show that he was following custom or was holding them for regular customers) or by insisting that other things should be bought at the same time.

Through Other Eyes

Hitler to Ribbentrop: "Don't run away now that you've got me in the lion's cage."

—*Akher Saa, Cairo.*

Peace: "But you slammed the door yourself."

—*Marianne, Paris.*

GRIN and BEAR IT!

CANNOT something be done to curb the unbridled loquacity of General Gamelin?

An instance was provided by a recent French communiqué, which long-windedly recorded: "Quiet day."

Nowadays, what with winning the war and losing our jobs, we are all pretty busy, and, in seeking to find out what is happening at the Front, we should not have to wade through twice as many words as are strictly necessary.

If the General had merely written "Rien," which (for the benefit of less advanced students of French) may be translated "Nix," we would have obtained an equally comprehensive view of the military situation for 50 per cent. less expenditure of time and mental effort.

Sez 'Enery

"Wot d'yer think of Goebbels tryin' to make out as we 'ad somethink to do wiv that bomb wot went off at Munich?" inquired 'Enery.

"Just like the little grub!"

"They sez as 'ow three years ago a British noosepaper tried to get ten American perfessional murderers to bump off 'Itler, only they refused."

"Huh!"

"I reckon they jest would refuse! After orl, gangsters 'ave their hethics, an' they wouldn't want to muscle in on another bloke's racket.

"P'raps you're right!"

"I s'pose lil ole Goebbels will fix things so as they can find one o' Winston's 'ats among th' ruins of that there beer cellar."

"Shouldn't wonder!"

"Or maybe a rib from Neville's umbreller."

"Maybe."

"Still, there's one thing they don't seem to 'ave noticed that, to my way of thinkin', points to someone 'ere 'avin' 'ad a 'and in th' business."

"Nonsense!"

"Taint nonsense! W'en wos it, I arst you, that th' attempt at hextermination wos made? November th' 'eighth, wosn't it?"

"About then."

"Eggactly! Right fair bang in th' middle of Rat Week! Don't you calls *that* suspishus?"

By Oliver Plush

Lucky Oliver

I've got a corn upon my foot,
And tradesmen's bills on hand,
And very soon I'll also get
An income-tax demand!

I've got a torch that doesn't work,
A liver not the best,
I've got a weight upon my mind,
A mortgage on my chest!

The black-out gets upon my nerves
When getting round the town,
The petrol ration gets my goat,
And pools have got me down!

But still, I gaily tell myself,
I'd rather have the lot
Than just one day's allowance of
The headache Hitler's got!

Home Chat

Immigrants entering U.S.A. who are unaccustomed to having female bosses are now being given lessons at New York night schools on "How To Take Orders From a Woman."

Surely a quicker method of learning would be to take out a marriage licence?

Tout Sweet

"The task of the inventor and the chemist," declares the "Voelkischer Boebacher," "is to tell us how to transform wood into sugar."

They seem desperately anxious to find a new use for von Ribbentrop's head.

Family Affairs

On the temporary staff of the Ministry of Pensions are thirteen female relations of the permanent staff—six wives, three nieces, three daughters and daughter-in-law.

But this is nothing compared with the happy family atmosphere at the Ministry of Circumlocution:—

James earns his £ s. d.
With the New Bureaucracy,
And so do his daughters and his nieces and his wife;
Yes, his nieces and his daughters
Share his comfortable quarters—
And his wife!

When James writes "Passed to you,"
On a pink form or a blue,
It's referred to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts—
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he numbers by the dozens,
And his aunts!

But James is rendered glum,
By the shape of things to come,
Though he doesn't mind the salaries his wife and daughters draw,
It will be one on the nob for
Him when he must find a job for
Ma-in-law!

Milk of Human Hate

One item of propaganda prepared for the German public by Dr. Goebbels states that Britain is desperately short of milk. So don't be surprised if the ingenious doctor follows this up with frightful stories of milk substitutes made by grinding down the chalk cliffs of Dover!

Digging Up Their Past

When a Roman jail was recently unearthed the petrified remains of several prisoners were brought to light. Hardened criminals—evidently!

Watch on the Rhine

In German factories special Gestapo spies are being appointed to pounce on clock-watchers.

They must have read that time is on the side of the Allies!

Ersatz Generals

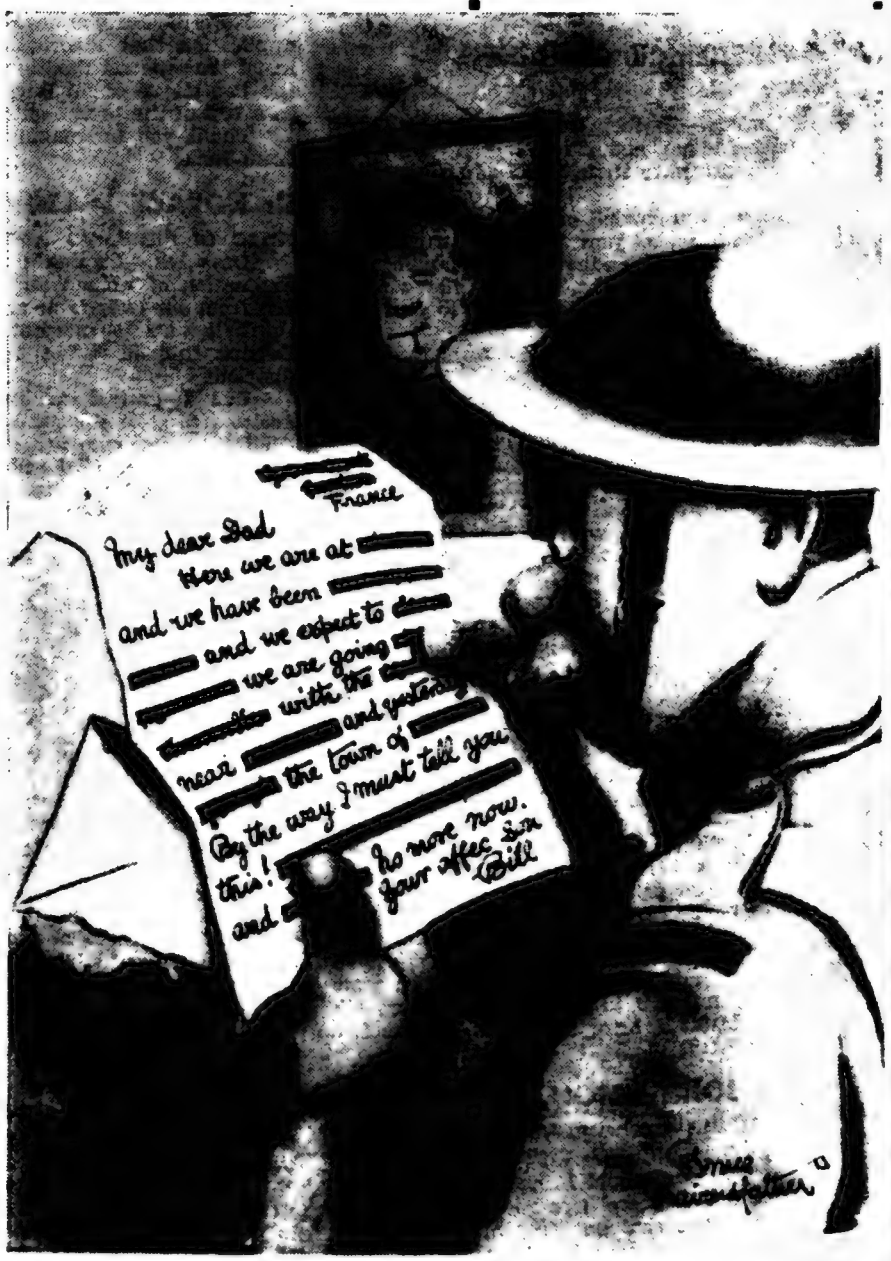
Hitler has embarked on the "mass production" of generals to meet the shortage of high-rank officers.

In Germany nowadays (unlike the time when Corporal Schicklegruber was in the army) every house-painter may be said to carry a field-marshal's baton in his lunch-basket.

Yet the ungrateful blighters still sigh for the good old days when they carried lunch in it!

Old Bill on the Home Front

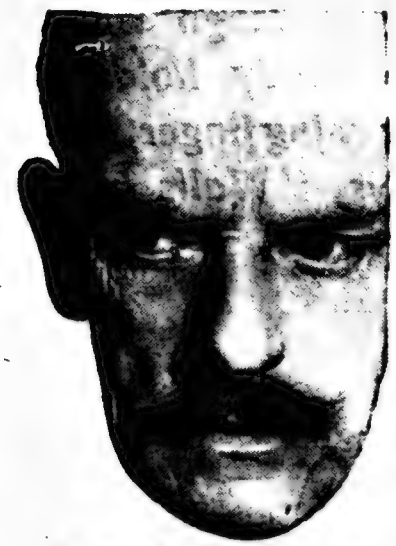
by Bruce Bairnsfather



"On the whole the day passed quietly."

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

LIES OF THE LIMPING MAJOR



Sir Wyndham Childs, chief of "John Bull's" Investigation Bureau, denounces a "Major"

WAR'S WORST PESTS

FEE-SNATCHERS, dangling attractive prospects of making extra money by manufacturing articles at home, have become the biggest war time pests.

Most active among them are Morton and Co., of Clapham Road, London, S.W., and L. A. Spikesman, now calling himself the Star Knitwear Company, of Webbs Road, London, S.W.

They try to delude those answering their advertisements that it is easy to knit your way to a weekly income. I am deeply angered when their misleading circulars are sent to me by poor men and women wanting to know whether the offers are genuine.

Desperate for work, they jump at any opportunity.

I warn them to keep what little money they have in their pockets, because most of these home-work schemes, particularly the two mentioned, produce nothing but disillusion.

There is no return for the money laid out.

ANOTHER impudent military faker is duping people in various parts of the country. Looking every inch a middle-aged Regular Army officer and ringing the changes on a string of names, he is in some ways even bolder than the crook who, as "Colonel" Goode, recently cheated two banks with forged War Office letters.

His exploits were revealed exclusively in this page before he was arrested and sent to jail for six years' penal servitude.

This new impostor, preening himself as "Major Lindern Garnett," persuades people to advance him money on all kinds of pretexts. At one place he says he is in the Army Medical Corps, at another he slips easily into his pose as a combatant officer in a Welsh regiment waiting orders from the War Office to take command of a battalion being formed.

"Heir to a Big Estate"

He has travelled extensively and he is never at a loss for an exciting story about his experiences with which to impress his victims. Those who have the misfortune to meet him say that he can tell a story extremely well.

Among his favourite pieces of fiction just now is the story that he is heir to at least £40,000, and that he owns a large house on the South Coast.

Before the war, he frequently posed as a surgeon, and, in his stories, attached himself to any hospital that suited his purpose. Equally as casually he cast himself as a doctor retired from the Indian Army Medical Corps.

For a man taking so many risks it is curious that he invariably carries a riding-crop. It almost seems that he is eager to identify himself. He walks, too, with a slight limp. Yet he has had a remarkably long run, and still manages to cover his tracks.

Complaints about him have come from Dorchester, Weymouth, Hove and Bournemouth. In each place persons whose acquaintance he was able to make were completely taken in.

Rogues who live by their wits are turning more and more to masquerades of this kind.

Be on your guard.

Watch 'em

THE London and Provincial Evangelistic Mission, of Poors Lane, Hadleigh, Essex, feels that war has given it work of great national importance. "Pastor Dan" appeals for liberal donations.

He turns out to be our old friend, "Pastor" D. Hurst. For years, most of the money he has obtained from the public has been whittled away in "expenses" and commission to collectors.

Mythical "Coal"

Newest war time racket is a mythical chemical preparation, supposed to be a cheap substitute for coal.

Crooks behind the racket use temporary offices from which they circularise householders "at the request of a friend." When they have collected as many deposits as possible they move and make another haul.

Dubious Charity

St. Christopher's Home for Destitute, of Chester Road, Manchester, a dubious charity concern about which I have already warned readers, has turned to the sale of first-aid outfits.

This, it is stated, is instead of begging.

Yes, but expenses will gobble up most of the money as usual.

Suspect Aliens on the Run

BECAUSE this queer war has not produced the usual silly spy scare, don't imagine there have not been any suspicious aliens.

Scotland Yard's alert Special Branch, working in its usual swift but secretive manner, has dealt with more than 6,000 foreigners since war began. They have been deported, interned or imprisoned.

These are not included among the many thousands of aliens, chiefly refugees, whose *bona fides* are being investigated by Home Office tribunals.

Intensive though the search has been, there are a few stragglers of the suspicious type still believed to be in hiding. They smuggled their way to London and other cities when refugees were pouring into the country in the months preceding the outbreak of war.

Proprietors of small private hotels and boarding houses can help Scotland Yard's Special Branch by telling the police at once if they have the slightest doubt about any guest.

* * *

Some of the doubtful foreigners, incarcerated in the early days of the war, were discovered in odd circumstances. One was working as a lavatory attendant in the north.

Two others, without passports, were traced through what seemed to be perfectly innocent messages in the Personal advertisement column of a newspaper.

One German was found at a large hotel in a provincial city. His explanation was plausible, but proved to be false on investigation.

Another said he had come to this country to lecture. His other activities, when probed, revealed that his story, while superficially true, was a cunning pretence.

* * *

Reports that messages were going to Germany from secret radio stations in this country quickened the last stages of the comb-out, and unregistered aliens won't for long have much chance of remaining under cover.

Spying in Britain looks like being a hopeless task in this war.

Hoaxer is a Maniac

THE bogus doctor who has been hoaxing hospitals—recently he entered private wards at the Queen Alexandra Memorial Hospital, Weston-super-Mare—is a sex maniac.

He has assumed many names and has given various addresses.

Police are now searching for him.

He is able to carry off his pose as a doctor because he had some training as a medical student. That is why he has succeeded in entering private wards without at first arousing suspicion.

Now his identity is known, it has been revealed that he has been in a mental home three times. Hospitals throughout the country have been warned to watch for him.

QUACK'S LONG TRAIL OF FEE-SNATCHING

WITH a trail of at least six names, a quack recently started a business known as the Natural Health Institute, at Winton, Bournemouth.

It hid his name, but his preposterous claims to cure such serious ailments as rheumatism and arthritis were just as boastful as when he posed at other places as Lawrence Dennison, Charles Baxter, Professor Lewis, Arthur Mackenzie and Louis Ferrie.

His real name is Abraham Gittleson.

Now his affairs are in the Bankruptcy Court again, but that seems to be merely an incident in the career of this fee-snatcher.

He was made bankrupt in 1930, and it is a scandal that such a man can go from one ramp to another, shedding his debts as easily as his many makeshift names.

In his ventures, which began with supposed deafness and eyesight cures about ten years ago, he has taken large fees from those foolish enough to believe in him.

He has no medical qualifications, and not long ago he was sent to jail for posing as a doctor and obtaining money by false pretences.

It is time Mr. Gittleson's slick methods were checked.

Public Benefactor

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mr. S. T. Gething, of Royal Oak, Hill Street, Elsecar, near Barnsley.

Each week a guinea is paid for information that proves valuable in revealing a scandal that needs ventilating.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Messrs. Bolsom Bros. (1928), Ltd.

In the article "Bad Schemes of Mr. Goodman," in the issue of November 4 last, reference was made to Bolsoms Constructions, Ltd., a company which is being wound up, and to a furniture firm which is now defunct.

We wish to make it clear that these concerns have no connection whatsoever with the well-known furniture firm, Messrs. Bolsom Brothers (1928), Ltd., 5, Westbourne Grove, London, and branches.

Don't laugh when somebody holds a warning finger, and says, "Walls have ears . . . ."

Don't tell Hitler!

Silence is golden if, in speaking, careless talk is to prove dangerous to men whose lives depend on our not revealing tiny secrets

SEEMINGLY trivial "news" can be deadly dangerous in war time. That is why official crown-capped blue posters warn us that "careless talk may give away vital secrets," and War Office officials beg us not to ask soldier sons and husbands for news.

Over your breakfast table, in your train or 'bus, your office or the "local," discussion of war news is inevitable. It is social. It is a valuable outlet for nervous tension.

Newspapers prescribe a daily dose of war news with safety. It has been "passed by the Censor." From it will be found nothing calculated to help an enemy.

It is hearsay elaboration of censored news, somebody's private "news" that constitutes dangerous talk.

You may be tempted to repeat that Mr. Smith saw an enemy aeroplane shot down at ——, Mrs. Brown heard the crash of another at ——, Mr. Jones was certain one of our own aircraft fell in flames at ——, and there was another dog-fight over ——.

CARELESS talk—and *dangerous*.

Supposing enemy agents, collecting your conversations, could transmit them to the Intelligence Staff of Hitler's High Command. With information from other sources, the whole might give an accurate picture of the extent to which raiding aircraft reached their objectives, though they may have been entirely unconscious of their whereabouts.

In the last war the route of the first Zeppelin to raid England was reported by local newspaper correspondents from all over the country. Their news service was so efficient that editors were able to publish maps indicating the track of the Zeppelin.

Those maps were most valuable to the German High Command. The Zeppelin commander had no idea of his position while he was over this country.

It is different when the Air Ministry announces, within an hour or two, a raid such as that over the Firth of Forth.

ENEMY aviators knew where they were. There was nothing to gain—and much to lose — by withholding information. But it might be disastrous, costing hundreds of lives, if careless talk let Hitler's High Command know that the town of Melchester, in Messex, had been raided by bombers on the night of ——, and that the casualties had been taken to hospital by members of —— Squadron of the Royal Air Force.

Otherwise the Nazis might never have known that their bombers were over Melchester, that the town was in reach of an aerodrome, or that —— Squadron of the R.A.F. was stationed there, and not in France.

You might be helping Hitler if you wrote to tell somebody at the Front that Tom Brown had been killed by a bomb in Gadsby Street during a night raid on the port of Bimsby. If your letter, escaping censorship, fell into the hands of the enemy, he would know that Gadsby Street was so close to the docks at Bimsby that his bombers had gained their objective.

You may write, quite thoughtlessly, that John Robertson, of the 1st Battalion of the Loncashire Regiment, said good-bye to his wife at —— before leaving for ——. But for this information the enemy would have remained ignorant of the movements of the 1st Battalion of the Loncashire Regiment.

Enemy agents study the smallest provincial newspapers, even parish magazines.

An obituary notice might contain a "vital secret," such as a clergyman's indiscreet reference at a funeral service to "our beloved parishioner, John Bruce, who was killed in action at ——, while serving with the —— Regiment at ——." The German High Command may have been ignorant that such a regiment was at such a place. From the Army List, the enemy might deduce that such a regiment was in such a division, and from an indiscretion in a parish magazine reveal an important military secret.

It is an axiom of censorship that every mention of a particular unit or place in your correspondence may give away vital information. If your letter is addressed to "Somewhere in Great Britain" the offending fact becomes all the more dangerous. If the letter were going abroad it would be censored.

DON'T pass on hearsay about U-boats.

The Admiralty found in the last war that preserving the mystery of how and where a U-boat had been destroyed had a profoundly damaging effect on the morale of the enemy. His commanders were haunted by the uncertainty of not knowing where death lurked, or how they were likely to meet it.

Severe indeed would be the censor authority on John Smith, a shadow factory worker, who revealed that he was engaged in providing fuses that would cause an explosion in the stratosphere.

So have a care. Be your own Censor. You may save countless lives by so doing. You cannot count the repercussions of that apparently trivial piece of private "news"?

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT

NO wonder JOHN BULL's great Christmas Gift offer is already well on the way to breaking records. For a friend who is "somewhere in England," "somewhere in France," or on the high seas, JOHN BULL's gift is ideal. And you could not give yourself anything more delightful. Turn to page 4 and see for yourself.

There you will find two FREE Gift Vouchers. One will be accepted as 2s. 9d. cash in part payment for JOHN BULL's superb 5s. 6d. Writing Set; the other will be accepted as 7s. 6d. cash in part payment for JOHN BULL's magnificent 12s. 6d. Writing Set de Luxe.

You may have one or both! The demand will be unprecedented, so don't delay, cash your Vouchers to-day.

SEE PAGE 4

Behind the News . . .

WHITEHALL is not worried by the furious "trade offensive" launched by Nazis in the Balkans. It expects, on the contrary, that Rumania and Bulgaria will shortly be sending us increased supplies.

Refusing to be scared by Nazi threats, Hungary intends to send us half a million turkeys, a hundred thousand chickens for Christmas

Still intent on forming a Balkan neutral bloc, Italy also is taking steps to see that south-east Europe does not fall under Berlin's domination.

More than a thousand Canadians are already serving with the R.A.F. in France; most paid their own fare to Britain. That is why Mr. Eden and the Dominion Ministers went far out of their way on their French tour to visit a camp where many of these fliers are stationed.

Now definite that rationing will not begin until January. It will apply only to butter and bacon.

Sugar will be next on the list. Unlikely that meat will be included for many months.

Reason for food muddle is that some districts are getting more supplies than they need. In others, where the population has been doubled by evacuation, only normal supplies are being received.

Hence loud complaints of "shortage," although warehouses are still stocked with foodstuffs.

More trouble is brewing in wholesale fish trade. Merchants are considering strong action against trawler owners who now demand bankers' guarantees or cash deposits to cover the whole amount of credit granted.

If credit is £700 a week, that amount must be placed on deposit and remain untouched from week to week. It is more than the small merchant can possibly afford.

Food Control officers, stirred by JOHN BULL's reminder that diabetic subjects need extra rations, have asked Whitehall for instructions.

Mountainous Field-Marshal Goering has again overwhelmed the little doctor

Matter is now "under consideration," which is the Whitehall way of admitting that something has been overlooked.

Provincial police chiefs are making special efforts to trap "black-out thieves," who remove dynamos from motor-cycles, drain petrol tanks and unscrew spare wheels.

Suspicion that there's a central depot for such stolen products is leading to surveillance of back-street garages.

Neutral diplomats in Berlin are now confident that Goering will dissuade Hitler from making Germany a Communist State, which, as we told you, is Goebbels' aim.

Goering insists that Stalin wouldn't put much faith in this change of front; that it would anger the army chiefs and bewilder the people, who have been led to believe that the Fuehrer was using Stalin only as a tool.

So it seems likely that the mountainous Field-Marshal will again overwhelm the little Doctor.

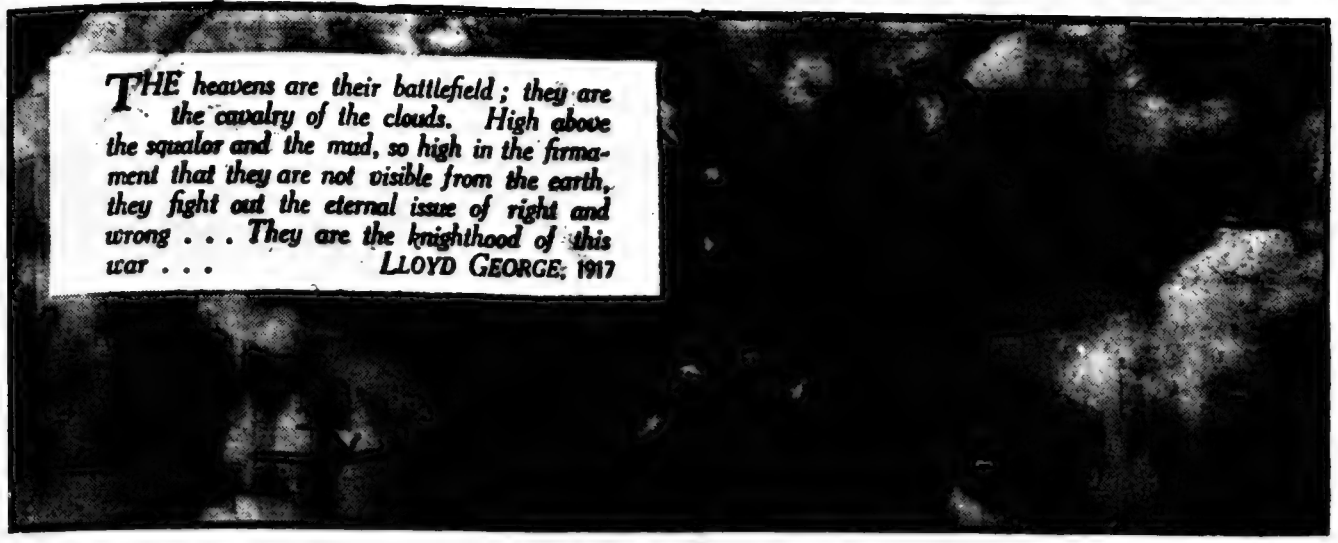
Ribbentrop is also out of luck. Not only has his advice proved wrong and got him into Hitler's black books, but also he is walking about in fear of his life.

Following the Munich explosion, he has received letters each day, apparently from Storm Troopers and orthodox Nazis, saying that he double-crossed the Cause by surrendering to Stalin.

Writers say they will "get him."

Litvinov's return to power is due to breakdown in Stalin's campaign in the Balkans, where Italian "influence" is obviously preferred.

Although supposed to be only in charge of foreign information, Litvinov will supervise areas recently added to the Soviet and organise a last attempt to rope in the Balkans.


THE heavens are their battlefield; they are the cavalry of the clouds. High above the squalor and the mud, so high in the firmament that they are not visible from the earth, they fight out the eternal issue of right and wrong . . . They are the knighthood of this war . . .
LLOYD GEORGE, 1917

John Bull's representative, returning from a special mission to the Western Front, says

WAR STILL HAS ITS KNIGHTS

JUST before I left for France an Air Ministry official said to me:

"There are not likely to be many aces in this war. 'Dog-fighting' by single pilots is a thing of the past. Modern air tactics is a matter of team-work by many machines. And that is why we will not have individual pilots mentioned by name, however successful they may have proved to be in some combat."

My very first day "up the Line" showed me that, on this point also, this war is likely to turn out differently from what the theorists would have us believe.

It was at a British fighter squadron—the nearest, so the R.A.F. conducting officer told me, to the Line itself.

We had gone across the airfield to look at some of the Hurricane fighters which stood tethered under the winds and rains of heaven, widely scattered across the great undulating expanse of rough ploughland.

Suddenly a klaxon blared out from a hidden observation post. Somebody was pointing skywards far to the East, where five silvery specks were wheeling slowly across the blue.

A young pilot came pelting across the ploughland, drawing on gloves as he ran. He clambered into the aircraft we were examining.

A FEW seconds of adjustment and he was off, borne upward in a great roaring boom of sound towards those distant specks.

In only a moment, it seemed, he was also a distant speck—and then all, fighter and quarry, were out of sight.

Half an hour later he was back again, himself and his machine undamaged, except where the terrific speed of his flight had sucked away small patches of fabric from the wings.

In the interval, single-handed he had attacked one of those far-off silvery specks we had seen.

It was a Dornier 17 P, a new German bomber and fast reconnaissance machine carrying three men, two of whom were gunners.

He had fought it up to 27,000 feet, nearly five miles up, and there, hooded in oxygen mask, and with his controls "soggy" through the great altitude, he had got on top and "let go" with all his guns.

The huge Dornier now lay a scattered burning wreck across a village road six miles away. Its crew were dead.

THAT morning's work was the first time this young pilot had ever been in action against an enemy aircraft.

Talking to him afterwards in the mess, I could not help recalling to myself that official statement that "individual dog-fighting is a thing of the past."

As a matter of fact, three times that morning single pilots had gone up to engage enemy aircraft from this particular aerodrome. And if to tackle groups of enemy machines single-handed is not "individual" work, I would like to know what is!

Of course, in the large-scale aerial combats which may yet take place over the Western Front the worked-out "team tactics" of R.A.F. Command will no doubt come into operation.

But it is grand to know that we still have young airmen so superb in piloting skill that they can handle their incredibly fast machines in single-handed combat, and that they have the personal dash to tackle odds as great as any of those encountered by the "aces" of the last war.

There are a good many other surprises—to the layman, anyhow—about the way our R.A.F. is tackling the air war.

For instance, a lot of us have been led to believe that these highly tuned super-performance fighters and bombers are very delicate creatures requiring cosy hangars and careful nursing.

But out in France they get no such coddling. At aerodrome after aerodrome I visited I saw them standing out in the open, hidden only under camouflage netting or among the trees.

They stay there throughout the twenty-four hours in all weathers, ready for business at any time.

SOME purists, like a well-known aeroplane expert who accompanied me on one journey, are a little shocked at such apparently harsh treatment. But the men who have to look after the machines—and fly them—smile blandly at worried questions about it all. The aircraft take no harm.

There is a sensible, matter-of-fact purpose behind this open-air parking of our machines. "Dispersal" the authorities call it.

Remembering Poland, which lost most of its Air Force on the ground, our R.A.F. Command has no intention of providing hangars and easy targets for Nazi bombers.

Dispersal and camouflage are the two chief methods by which our Air Force is protected on the ground. Wherever possible, camouflage is "natural."

Whole squadrons are concealed among trees—but, like the "walking wood" in Macbeth, the trees are movable. Tractors can pull them aside in a moment to allow runway lanes for the squadron.

Fish-net camouflage is adopted for most machines which must stay in the open field.

The R.A.F. have no fancy systems about this new protective science, but what is done is so effective that there is absolutely nothing to give away the fact to raiders that an aerodrome is underneath.

While I was visiting one H.Q. it was reported that a returning flight was late. It turned up afterwards. The pilots had actually passed over and missed their own aerodrome!

AND there are big refuelling centres and landing fields which move their place from day to day.

It is giving away no secret to say that our Air Force have already "taped" most of the Nazi airfields during their constant reconnaissance flights over Germany. The Nazis' aerodromes are "fixed," and, though well camouflaged, numbers of them have been found.

They would have an almost impossible task to achieve the same results. Apart from that, the Nazis have made only one real "reco flight" over France, whereas we have made hundreds over Germany.

Which brings us to the riddle of Nazi air power, as much a puzzle to the R.A.F. in France as it is to us at home.

At one bomber squadron I waited for the return of a flight of reconnaissance machines which had gone "trailing their coats" along the Siegfried Line.

The Wing-Commander told me that the flight had gone off to try to decoy some of the famed Messerschmidts into action. Far above his bombers were to go a squadron of our fighters. "We're to be the cheese," he told me with a grin.

BUT no Nazi fighters came after such apparently easy bait.

The flight came back, a little bored and disgusted. They had met no attack or resistance.

If the riddle ever produces a violent answer, it will find the R.A.F. waiting and ready. Practically every pilot has by now tried out himself and his machine against enemy defences and in Nazi territory.

From the sea to the furthest limits of our line they stand in their appointed stations, superbly trained, supremely confident.

Tommy, Jack and Bill

BETTER times for soldiers' wives and children. Mr. Hore-Belisha has generously responded to JOHN BULL'S appeal. Not only are allowances to be raised, but also in cases of hardship additional payments up to £2 a week may be authorised by Military Service (Special Allowances) Advisory Committee.

So families that have to pay high rent or bear other heavy expenses will be able to claim State help.

Thanks for that, Mr. Hore-Belisha! To save his department an avalanche of work, let us tell readers how such claims should be made.

If the soldier is serving abroad, an application form M.S.A.C. 21 should be obtained by his wife or other dependant from the local office of the Unemployment Assistance Board.

Send a postcard marked "Special Allowance," and giving the address to which the form should be sent.

If the soldier is in this country, however, he should obtain the form himself from his commanding officer.

On scores of other matters, "John Bull" is able to assist the authorities by telling the public How and Why.

OUR Free Advice Service is dealing with hundreds of Service queries, pension difficulties, war time doubts regarding civil employment, rent, mortgage and similar problems.

Here we give a further short selection of readers' posers and an outline of our answers:

J. N., Ealing.—"Is there any restriction on sending newspapers to men in France?"

No. You can post them in the ordinary way, but it helps censorship and avoids delay if you give a regular order to your newsagent for them to be forwarded direct.

F. O., Tavistock.—"A man to whom I lent money before the war says I cannot now recover the loan."

Nonsense. He must keep to the agreed terms unless he can prove that his circumstances have been severely hit by war. Even then he must pay what he can afford.

Miss C., Nelson.—"My fiancé has not lived with his widowed mother for two years. Will he have to make her an allotment from his Service pay when he marries me?"

No, an allotment is voluntary, and the mother could not claim a dependant's allowance unless your fiancé had been supporting her.

B. S., Brixton.—"When a man is called up as a Reservist, must he give up a directorship of a firm supplying Army equipment?"

No. But he should inform his commanding officer if ever he has to inspect or check equipment supplied by his firm.

Mrs. C., Bradford.—"I had to leave my husband because of his conduct, even though he still offered a home for myself and baby. Can I obtain an allowance now that he's in the Air Force?"

By refusing to live with your husband you technically deserted him. Any allowance, therefore, must be voluntary.

E. W., Perth.—"Can an ex-Serviceman who rejoined on the outbreak of war obtain the £5 bounty?"

Unfortunately, no. . . .

Remember that if you, too, have a war-worry, you have only to Write to JOHN BULL About It for expert advice.

Without Fear or Favour by the EDITOR

"BORE WAR" BUNKUM!

THOUGH all is still almost quiet on the Western Front, the enemy's artillery of threats grows louder. Von Ribbentrop, spluttering with rage and baffled hate, boasts that Germany will shortly loose upon us "a truly horrible war."

"Secret weapons" are added to "secret weapons." Nazis *say* they have a bomber now that can make the flight to London in ninety minutes. They actually have bombers that can reach the Shetlands—and kill a rabbit!

But they may—let's face it—kill more than rabbits and destroy much more than a crofter's cottage. If they choose, if they are so suicidally rash as to choose the way of "frightfulness," they will find that it is no one-way street.

The Allies and Nazi Germany are both pledged not to bomb open towns for the mere purpose of terrorisation. The Germans know that our promise will be kept. We only know that it cannot pay them to break theirs.

Meanwhile, there are some people in this country foolish enough to deplore the present inactivity. They grumble because, so far, there is "nothing doing."

Instead, they ought to thank God for it. For time is on our side, and if it is possible to win this war without great carnage, what man of honour and human feeling could wish to win it in any other way?

Fundamentally, this war is the protest of man's outraged conscience against taking "frightfulness" for granted.

BECAUSE OF "HITLERISM," THE WORLD HAS BEEN FORCED TO TAKE IT FOR GRANTED.

"NOTHING," said Mr. Winston Churchill, in his recent broadcast, "has ever impressed me so much as the calm, steady, businesslike resolution with which the masses of our wage-earning folk and ordinary people in our great cities faced what they imagined would be a fearful storm.

"They all prepared themselves to have the worst happen to them at once, and braced themselves for the ordeal."

NOW, BECAUSE THE WORST HAS NOT HAPPENED YET, THERE ARE MANY FOOLS WHO THINK IT CAN NEVER HAPPEN.

They talk with loose mouths of our "ludicrous precautions." They hint that there must be "something fishy" in a war that "won't start."

And, with an air of fine superiority, they declare that this war "bores them to extinction."

WE WISH IT WOULD—TO TOTAL EXTINCTION! FOR THESE PEOPLE, WHETHER THEY REALISE IT OR NOT, ARE PUBLIC ENEMIES.

READERS must not assume that we *expect* the "truly horrible war" with which von Ribbentrop has threatened us. Nothing of the sort. A Nazi threat, like a Nazi promise, cannot be taken seriously.

On the other hand, all the world knows that Hitler is at his wits' end to secure some spectacular success—or seeming success. He was clearly contemplating the abominable crime of invading the Netherlands. He may even now be planning a drive into Hungary.

Failing any other means to bolster the waning confidence of his own people, it is clear that he *may* at last resort to the frightfulness we originally expected.

That being so, it is essential not only to maintain all our defences, but also to increase them; not only to be vigilant, but also to be more vigilant still.

AND WE ASSERT THAT THERE IS A DANGEROUS TENDENCY OBSERVABLE TO-DAY, BOTH IN NEWSPAPERS AND AMONG THE PUBLIC, TO RELAX PRECAUTIONS AND TO GRUMBLE AT NECESSARY RESTRICTIONS.

Take a little thing—a gas mask. At the outset the public was warned never to go out without its mask. For a fortnight or so everybody carried one. How many people carry them still?

THE POINT WE WISH TO MAKE IS THAT IT IS FAR BETTER TO GROW USED TO THE SMALL INCONVENIENCES OF WAR TIME THAN TO RELAX SELF-DISCIPLINE MERELY BECAUSE THERE IS "NOTHING DOING," AND WE ARE GROWING USED TO THAT.

The trek back to their homes of thousands of evacuated women and children is another and graver instance of this tendency to relax precautions. True, the newspapers have not directly encouraged so obvious a folly, but many writers have done so indirectly and unintentionally by petty and ungenerous criticism of a splendid national effort.

We ourselves never hesitate to expose mistakes and to press for their remedy, but we take this opportunity to place on record here our gratitude to thousands of devoted workers, to tens of thousands of warm-hearted men and women in the reception areas, and to all the host of loyal and unselfish parents who have helped to make the evacuation scheme so wonderfully successful.

"Wonderful" is not too strong a word. It is wonderful that hundreds of thousands of women and children are now living at least tolerably happily in new homes.

The social consequences of this gigantic wartime migration may have greater importance than we can yet predict.

Even now, however, there are the observable facts that many children from the slums and overcrowded areas are getting used to decent comfort and more spacious living, and that kindly folk of easier circumstance have discovered, with dismay and self-reproach, how easily society itself has grown used to the poverty it did not see and the wretchedness it did not share.

We believe that if this aspect of the evacuation scheme had been more stressed, and if the many necessary criticisms of its misfits and mistakes had been sober, helpful and constructive, instead of being harsh, bitter and sarcastic, there would have been a strengthening of public morale.

Wars are won as much by the morale of people at home as by the courage and devotion of the fighting services, and we protest to-day against that niggling criticism which turns each molehill of legitimate complaint into a mountain of general grievance.

ONE instance among scores is the occasional officiousness and meddlesome interference of some air raid warden. It does happen, and it is bound to happen.

In any large official organisation of men and women there are always a few who are overzealous, or "too big for their boots" or just stupid.

But how discouraging it must be for thousands of A.R.P. workers, both paid and unpaid, to see every blunder in the headlines and seldom to read a word of friendly commendation for all the steady and patient work they are doing for the public benefit!

We do not wonder that there have been a good many resignations, particularly among voluntary workers.

If it is hard for men and women still following their normal occupations to put up with wartime restrictions that seem needless while there is "nothing doing," how doubly hard must it be

The Human Machine

Unceasing War of Ideas

WHEN you are sick and tired of the struggle on the Western Front, you might find welcome relief in considering the other war, the fierce war of ideas that has been raging since man first attempted to live in organised societies.

The fight has gone on, led by banners bearing many a strange device. There is always a new slogan being used to inspire those in the fight.

Democracy. Dictatorship. Communism.

These are the three latest cries raised above the struggling mass of mankind. They may be merely names, but you can't help taking sides in the fight.

There are no neutrals in this war.

Everybody must take sides.

There are no secret weapons.

Everybody has only one weapon, and that is his power of judgment.

Only that weapon, used in the right way, can have any effect.

This is not the place to fight the battle. It must be fought by the individual. It is not a battle that can be fought by proxy.

You must use your own judgment, develop your own wisdom. And in this the responsibility of each of us is equal.

"In the case of any person whose judgment is really deserving of confidence," said a great thinker, "how has it become so?

"Because he has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct. Because it has been his practice to listen to all that could be said against him: to profit by as much of it as was just, and expound to himself, and upon occasion to others, the fallacy of what was fallacious.

"Because he has felt that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind."

Now, as never before, we should read and listen, think and discuss.

We should develop our wisdom and use our judgment.

For the time is coming when what *we* think is going to shape history.

● *Doubly hard for voluntary workers to do their own jobs and still turn out for practice night after night*

for the voluntary workers to do their own jobs and still turn out for duty day after day or night after night!

Remember that next time you have a personal "grouse."

Remember it next time you read a harshly "clever" story of the latest twopenny-halfpenny "scandal" in this service or in that.

It is fatally easy to get used to other people's self-sacrifice, but it takes a lot of pluck to keep on steadily with obscure service when you get all the kicks and none of the halfpence.

NOTHING is farther from our mind than to criticise all criticism. To do that would be to gag JOHN BULL itself, and our readers know that we can be forthright in condemnation when the occasion arises.

We were the first to denounce the niggardly scale of allowances for the wives and children of Service men. It would have been a crime for the rest of us ever to get used to that, and, in fact, the Government has here seen the error of its ways and made the necessary concessions.

But it is one thing to speak out strongly, "without fear or favour," when there is an injustice to be remedied or a wrong to be righted, and quite another to be for ever grumbling and peevish about small and unimportant mistakes.

This may be a long war, but, if it should be, we have the consolation of knowing that time is on our side.

Whether it be long or short, however, and whether we shall have to endure great tribulation or nothing much worse than the boredom of the black-out and, perhaps, a scarcity of butter; there is deep truth in the poster slogan: "Your courage, your cheerfulness, and your resolution will bring us victory."

Cheerfulness is almost enough in itself, for if it is of the right sort it implies courage and resolution, too.

WE NEED TO "GET USED" TO THE WAR IN THE RIGHT WAY; TO ITS NECESSARY RESTRICTIONS AND ITS UNAVOIDABLE SACRIFICES; TO INTERFERENCE WITH OUR COMFORT AND TO THE ACCEPTANCE OF DISCIPLINE; AND, ABOVE ALL, TO PATIENT VIGILANCE, EVEN WHEN THERE SEEMS TO BE "NOTHING DOING."

He Knows All the ENSAS!

Basil Dean is the right man in the right job
SAYS HANNEN SWAFFER

"MYSTERY shrouds" the names of the two wicked music-hall artistes, a double act, who said something naughty while the troops were listening.

The next Monday they went to Drury Lane to join the conveyance that was to take the artistes to a military centre. Arriving there they were ushered before the Will Hay censors—and sacked!

Now, although in seven weeks the Entertainment National Service Association arranged 1,492 shows for soldiers in the home camps—shows at which 636,290 troops were entertained—that was the only case of offence.

Unofficial concerts at which cabaret artistes appeared had caused complaint, and had made the Brass Hats listen to the protests of blushing padres—but they were not E.N.S.A. shows.

This miracle of theatrical enterprise was organised from Drury Lane with such rapidity that it was always waiting for War Office permits.

Basil Dean, the pivot of the mechanism, had the great advantage when, months ago, war was anticipated and the authorities approached him, that he had gained great experience in the last war.

In 1916, when he was a captain in the Cheshires at Oswestry, his C.O. said: "Give us a show."

DEAN built a small theatre which proved so successful that he soon found himself in charge of similar entertainments all over the country, running them at the War Office request.

Before long, he had ten companies, which were entertaining 200,000 men a week.

He was then head of the Entertainment Branch of the Navy and Army Canteen Board. This time, E.N.S.A. was formed to arrange big-scale entertainment for the troops at home and abroad, the money all coming from N.A.A.F.I. (Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes), and being the profits made by the canteens.

Directly war broke out, Seymour Hicks, Chairman of E.N.S.A., became the glad hander, the hail-fellow-well-met gag-cracker, whose smile can melt the frost on any dug-out's face.

Alec Rea, who after the last war had become Basil Dean's partner at the St. Martin's, was treasurer.

And Basil Dean himself was the live-wire of the organisation. He knows everybody in the show business; the right man in the right job.

Drury Lane, taken over by E.N.S.A. for the duration, suddenly became a hive of industry. In the boardroom and the big bar, Hicks, Dean and Rea were always busy organising.

Meanwhile, on the stage there began auditions that lasted all day. No fewer than 1,200 music-hall artistes applied for jobs.

WILL HAY, one of the best-loved of King Rats, tried hundreds of them out, and then chose eighty, who formed six companies. Every "blue" line was ruthlessly cut.

"Keep it clean, boys," was the order. "Our profession has a reputation that it must not lose."

Every time I looked in at Drury Lane rehearsals or auditions were going on. The great stage was loaded with fit-up scenery and stacks of costumes.

Within three weeks of the outbreak of war twelve concert parties had gone out. Each had its own stage and lighting. It was, in effect, a mobile theatre.

A week later, Jack Buchanan started touring a concert revue with a company of stars. They have been performing nearly every night ever since.

Jack, who if he were working in normal times would consider it a bad week if he earned less than £200, draws only "expenses" of £5 a week.

HAROLD HOLT, the famous impresario, soon got busy. Ever since September 25, he has given, on an average, four concerts a night, with star artistes drawing only £2 2s. per show.

Thorpe Bates was running concert parties, and Jack Hylton was giving every Sunday band performances, and, more than that, organising concerts at which Harry Roy, Henry Hall, Billy Cotton and others conducted their own orchestras.

Then Leslie Henson had a company of West End artistes going round performing the famous Green Room Rags.

Now, largely this was possible because of Seymour Hicks' smile and Basil Dean's determination.

Once E.N.S.A. was severely criticised. "E.N.S.A. have £150,000, and B.E.F. get no concerts," was the headline.

The truth was that E.N.S.A. was waiting for the War Office—which, after all, was running a war and not the show business.

Now the sing-songs start. Four professional performers, all of whom can sing or play at least one instrument, go off on a small van with a piano to contact small bodies of troops all over the country and give them an informal entertainment with community singing.

Mind you, all this has needed great tact and great energy.

It is extraordinary how the last war has repeated itself. Not only is Dean back in his old job, but Seymour Hicks, after Dean had been to France to arrange it, took, as he did in 1914, the first concert party overseas.

Gracie, of course, could not keep out. She voted herself in, breaking her journey to Capri in order to appear with Seymour in the first two shows.

Never before, in spite of all the criticism, has the entire British entertainment industry been organised with such success, or worked together harmoniously under one roof.

There was trouble over films at first—someone's silly idea, for instance, that the film trade should have a ducal chairman and titled organisers. That project was soon killed.

Now, a newsreel shown in the West End of London one night is actually seen by the troops in France the next evening.

There are twenty mobile cinemas showing new films every evening—up the line, behind it, and at the base.

COLONEL STANLEY BELL, busy from the start, is now fitting out eight camp theatres all over the country. Big halls are being converted into play-houses, with tip-up seats, really good stage lighting, and proper dressing-rooms.

When they are ready, Henry Oscar will produce plays in them.

Camp theatres are also being constructed in France. And plays will be staged in those when they are ready.

This year there will be an E.N.S.A. pantomime, staged not only in France but in Britain.

Soon, too, the big dance bands will go overseas . . .

Yes. Dean and Hicks have done a big job.

Slave-Husband

"While my wife lies in bed, demanding tea, I must scrub the floors, do the washing, and prepare the family meals."

MAYBE you've heard of the man who kept a dog and barked himself. Well, you can now listen to the infuriating confession of a man who allowed himself to become a slave; a man who not only works all day to provide the family with its income, but also does all his wife's work, while she shows her gratitude by sneering at his efforts.

"I do not smoke, drink alcohol or gamble," he says rather pitifully as though seeking our sympathy. "I give my wife all my wages, and she gives me nothing back.

"Among my other early morning household duties, I prepare my daughter's breakfast and lunch. My wife does not take breakfast, otherwise I would have to take a meal to her bedroom.

"When I return from my work at midday, I must prepare my own meal. My wife is still in bed. I always provide my own tea. I can't ever remember my wife preparing supper.

"I clean flues, prepare breakfast, make a cake and cook dinner on Sundays. My wife knocks in the early afternoon to say she would like a cup of tea taken to her bed. Meanwhile, I am washing floors, washing clothes and making other meals.

"She spends her evenings out and rarely comes home till nearly midnight. It is two in the morning before she goes to bed. When I read of lucky men with good wives in your page I wonder how much longer I can go on in such conditions."

It is always infuriating to hear of good nature being abused, yet you cannot help feeling impatient with the victim for submitting without a struggle.

This man finds life worth-while only when he allows his wife to bully him. When he objects she makes his life intolerable.

To many men, of course, this situation would have been intolerable anyway.

They would not allow anybody, not even a woman, to blurt at them such names as "scum," "liar," "devil" and "hypocrite."

HUMANIST devotes his page this week to husbands who are unable to cope with the problems of married life. Henpecked and desperate, they will find solace in his advice. Have you a problem for Humanist?

If this man's wife were an invalid I would think him an excellent husband, but there is nothing wrong with her health. The man does the work of the whole family, even gives away all his earnings. He might as well be in prison.

After a few years of such married life he went on strike, but it must have been a very feeble attempt. He was easily crushed. He ought to have insisted on fair play from the beginning. It will be difficult to do this after all these years, but if he is to save his soul he must do it NOW.

The sort of life he is living makes marriage an awful mockery. The fellow is in chains.

In the other extreme, we have the husband who is sacrificed by an over-zealous wife on the altar of domesticity, the man who must suffer because a hearth has to be kept tidy.

"I have been married six years and we have one child," says such a husband. "Like most married people we have our tiffs, but during the last few months they have been getting more serious than mere tiffs.

"I'm a bit careless about dropping cigarette ash on the carpet or the hearth, but I think I compensate for that because I do about half the housework.

"If my wife comes in and finds things looking untidy there will be an hour's nagging and then she is deaf and dumb for two days. I try to talk her round, but I never get an answer until she thinks fit.

"Yet I cannot bear to leave her or the baby; I love the very ground they walk on. I would do anything for them. I trust you will ease my mind before I go insane with worry."

We all know houses where everything is kept "just so." They are "show places" but they are not "homes." There is no comfort in them. You are afraid to move for fear of disarranging the perfect order to which everything else is sacrificed.

I am not defending slovenliness. A woman should take a pride in her home, but there are limits.

HUMAN beings are more important than furniture; happiness matters infinitely more than apple-pie order. A wife who can make a first-class quarrel lasting several days because of cigarette ash on the hearth is obviously the victim of a monomania. She has become a slave of her own ideas.

I knew a woman who was always scrubbing the floor of her living-room. As soon as it was dry she set to work and scrubbed it again. This went on all day and every day.

Her children were compelled to stay out of doors and her husband only came home when it was essential. The woman ended her life in a mental home, the victim of a mania.

I don't suggest that the wife mentioned in the letter is as bad as this, but she has an obsession that is spoiling the happiness of her home. She would be better if she could get out of the house more.

"Housework should not be the only thing in life. She needs a change, friends, company, outings and other interests."

She should join the Women's Institute or one of the social functions arranged by the churches.

Another husband is troubled because his wife is scarcely ever at home. The house is used only for meals and sleeping. The wife expects to be taken out every evening, to her mother's at least four times a week, to other friends on other evenings.

The man would like to spend more time at home, but he is told that he ought to be pleased to take his wife out.

"THIS eternal round of chatter about neighbours has about 'got me,' and I feel like 'letting loose,'" he says.

"What would you suggest as a tactful method of dealing with the problem? Serious differences would be caused if I cut it out flat.

"If I am making a fuss over nothing please tell me and I will abide by what you say. I shall be really grateful for your help, although I feel much better now I have written to you."

My first thought on reading the letter was, "What a pity there isn't a baby!"

The arrival of a baby is something more than a link to hold father and mother together. It increases the importance of the home front and makes home the focus of three lives.

The couple should discuss the problem before secret resentments grow into open grievances.

There must always be a solid foundation of reasonableness and mutual understanding if a home is to stand four-square in all weathers.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. A guinea is paid for each of the letters quoted.

Here's Your 10-Minute Wits Test

IN each of the prize *Bullets* below, one of the winning words is incompletely printed—dots indicate number of missing letters.

As a ten-minute Wits Test, see if you can fill in that blank in each prize effort.

For your answers consult page 35, where you will see the actual completed *Bullet* which has brought a useful war time cheque to a JOHN BULL reader this week.

Remember—each of these prize efforts which you can successfully complete proves that *you* can build a prize *Bullet* for yourself.

The Neutrals—Swallowed Pub Combatants' B . . r!

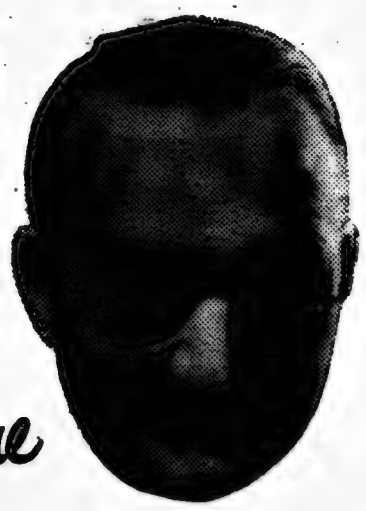
Hitler's Gang—S . . . . l—Daren't "Come Across."

Hitler's Gang—Freebooters—Free With B . . t.

To keep herself in the best of health
The 'Modern Miss' takes Beechams Pills
Charming modern girls take Beechams Pills—thus they avoid constipation, complexion troubles, sick headaches, digestive upsets and overweight. Beechams Pills are natural, gentle, effective, reliable. They are purely vegetable and obtainable everywhere. Get some today!
BEECHAMS PILLS ST. HELENS
Worth a Guinea a Box

Now father's using 'Steradent' too!
When father first tried 'Steradent' he was delighted. He merely had to steep his false teeth in it overnight (or while he dressed) and then rinse them. The results were amazing. Even persistent tobacco stains disappeared. Now he uses 'Steradent' regularly to keep his dentures clean and sterilized, free from film and stain. It is obtainable from all chemists in 1/- and 1/9 tins.
HOW TO DO IT
Half tumbler warm water. 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under the tap.
Steradent
cleans and sterilizes false teeth
Steradent Ltd., Hull and London

Britain wants a BIGGER CABINET



says *Christopher Stone*

DON'T worry! I'm not going to dabble in Politics. But Bush Radio *have* changed the British outlook on the cabinet question. Table-models were for a long time the standard type of set, but Bush championed the cause of the console, and showed how little more a good console need cost. Recent sales show that the public now agree with Bush.

A console is worth the money if you're proud of your home. It's worth it if you have an ear for music. In both cases a well-designed console, such as Bush build, gives far better *tone*. And, low-priced though they are, Bush consoles give you all the modern features. Ask your dealer about them.

There are three types for A.C. mains :— S.U.G 44 (as illustrated) 6 valves, 7 stages, 10 Bush buttons and TRIODE QUALITY OUTPUT at 15 gns. S.U.G 61, 5 valves, 6 stages and 7 Bush buttons at 11½ gns. and S.U.G 45, 7 valves, 10 Bush Buttons, TRIODE QUALITY OUTPUT, variable selectivity, Teleflic, Magic Eye and 12" speaker at 20 gns., and for D.C. or A.C. mains the D.U.G 42 at 15 gns.

Bush
BUTTON RADIO

from 8½ gns.

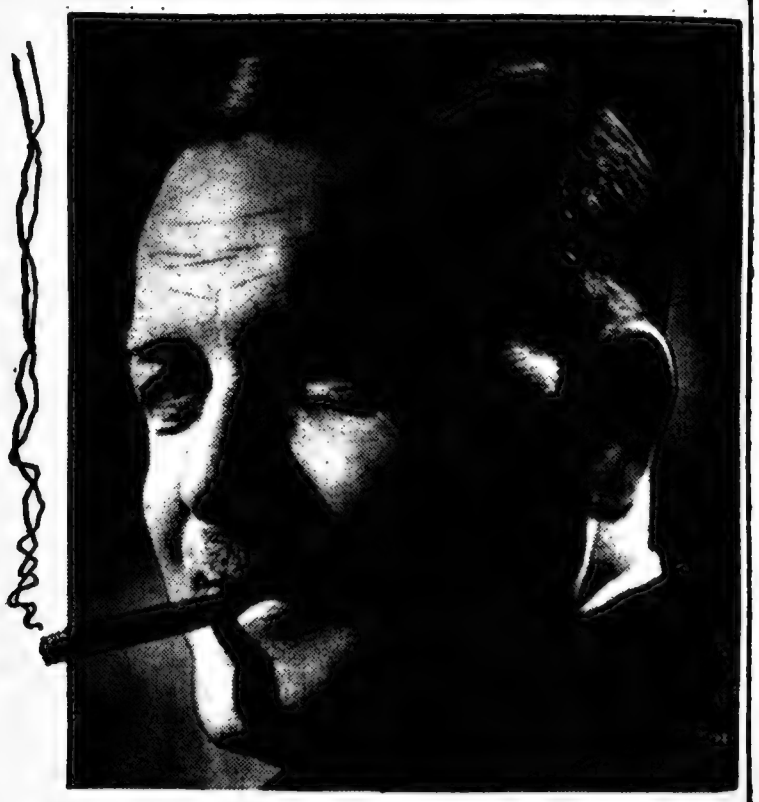
THE SYMBOL OF BUSH RELIABLE RADIO

royds 2736

Bush Appointed Dealers display this Sign

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER ROAD, CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4.

For prices in Eire apply distributors for Eire, R. Marks Ltd., 27 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.



Off duty— Make it a Manikin

Hang that helmet on the peg, commandeer the easiest chair, help yourself to a Manikin. After duty you're due for a spell of quiet contentment of which the mild Havana flavour and fragrance of Manikin Cigars is an unfailing source. You've earned this relaxation, so off duty make it a rule to make it a Manikin.

Manikin cigars

5 for 1/-

Metal Pocket Case 15 for 3/-

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD. • ESTABLISHED 1839

royds 37

A Will Scott Story!

Not a Ticket LEFT...

"I hurried forward, shouting to the driver to keep farther out"

IF you can tell me of anything more *nothingful* than the combined efforts of the black-out, a fog and a car battery on the point of giving out, I'm willing to listen.

Added to which I didn't know where I was.

I was supposed to be on the road to Havenhurst, but I was pretty sure I wasn't on the road to anywhere. There was a softness under the wheels which said "lane" as plainly as it could.

Well, when the battery began to misbehave I gave it up as hopeless, switched off the engine and got out. . . .

And began to slither down the banks of a ditch, pulling myself up just in time.

"Damn everything!" I said aloud.

Lane it was! But *where*?

I walked on a little way, hoping to see some sign of a cottage where I might ask. But there was nothing.

Then, standing listening, I heard behind me the sound of another car.

I remember thinking that now I was saved.

THE car was two or three minutes coming along the lane before it got what you could call close. And then I realised it was too close. I hurried forward, shouting to the driver to keep farther out. But it was no good. Over the rattle of his own engine he could hear nothing. There was a saddening crash, the other engine stopped, and a small man and I were meeting for the first time.

"What's all this?" the small man demanded.

"It *was* my car," I retorted bitterly.

"And this was mine!" said he.

He climbed out and joined me in the lane. We made an inadequate inspection of the damage in the dim glow from his sidelights, but all it told us was that neither of the cars would go another inch that night.

"Blast!" said the small man. Then he asked: "Where are we?"

"No good asking me," said I.

"I seem to have taken the wrong turning. In fact, dozens of them," he said sadly.

"Same here," said I.

He blew out a deep breath, pushed his hat back and stroked his hair.

"Where are you for?" he asked.

"A place called Havenhurst," I replied.

That seemed to interest him.

"So am I," said he. "I live there. Do I know you?"

"I'm a stranger," said I. "Never been there before. As a matter of fact, I'm a commercial."

"Yes?" said he, adding miserably, "I'm the star turn at a concert."

"To-night?"

"*Now*. What time is it?"

"Gone half-past seven."

"The curtain will be up!" he groaned.

He sat on the running-board and put his head in his hands. Then he looked up at me and gave me an explanation.

It was the greatest concert that Havenhurst had ever seen. He had got it up. Organised it. It was for the boys at the Front—every penny. And *had* the tickets gone like hot cakes?

"Tackle, my name is," he informed me. "Amos Tackle. You'll have heard of me."

I didn't say.

"Baritone," he amplified, and detailed the high spots of a long career. "You ought to hear me singing 'Drake is going West.' *In* costume. *Am* I a riot?"

AND that, apparently, was the cause of the trouble. The cleaners at Five Elms had promised that his costume should be home for four o'clock. When it wasn't home by five he got out his car in desperation, drove over to Five Elms, collected the costume, ran into the fog, lost himself, ran into me. . . .

"And here I am!" he sighed. "Curtain up, and here I am. Amos Tackle. *The* Amos Tackle. The greatest concert I've ever organised anywhere, and I'm the star turn. *Here!*"

He thought if we walked it he might get there in time for the interval.

"Which way do we walk?" I asked.

"That," the great Amos Tackle admitted, "is the snag. Well, it's either on or back. The lane leads two ways. One is pretty sure to get us there in the end."

"To repeat," said I, "which is the one?"

And then I got an idea.

If we set out together and struck the wrong way there wasn't a hope for either. But if we went in opposite directions one of us might, in time, be lucky. Only *might*. It was a slim chance.

"That," said Amos Tackle, "is a brainwave. Also, it's about all we can do. I'll go on; you go back. And may the best man win, as they say."

"If you win," said I, "would you mind leaving a message at the Queen's Hotel, explaining? I've got a room booked there."

"NOT at all," said he. "And if *you* win, would you be so kind as to dig out the manager at the town hall and tell him it isn't my fault I'm lost in the wilds and the concert is by now the biggest flop Havenhurst has ever known?"

"Of course," said I.

We shook hands and wished each other luck. Then we parted. In less than a minute I could hear his footsteps no longer. I felt that I was engulfed in a sea of ink.

The going was deadly. In five minutes I seemed to have got nowhere. But in ten minutes I walked into a traffic beacon and found myself on an arterial road. This looked promising.

I had a thought of turning back and trying to find the famous Amos Tackle, but I realised that by now it would be ten times worse than hopeless. I had better keep on. But again—which way?

A car loomed out of the mist. I shouted and it stopped.

"Havenhurst?"

"Behind me. I've come from there. Five miles."

"Thanks."

He was gone and I began to trudge. Five miles! What a night. . . .

(*Continued on page 23*)

The enemies in our midst are

NERVES, WORRY, FATIGUE

Read how this sufferer regained health and good spirits

'Some time ago my wife had a very bad illness which left her very depressed. When doing her housework she would break down, and I could do nothing with her. I tried various treatments with no results, then I tried Wincarnis, which she had twice a day and now she is a different woman. Now there is always a bottle of Wincarnis handy in the house.'

C. S. (Essex).

Why Wincarnis is Supreme

When health is at stake, we cannot afford to think of bargains. We must have — and quickly — the very best advice, the very best medicine. That is why so many women buy Wincarnis Tonic Wine, although there are cheaper tonic wines. Three simple facts explain the continued leadership of Wincarnis among tonic wines: (1) Wincarnis is made with wines of the highest class. (2) The medical profession has used and recommended Wincarnis Tonic Wine for 50 years. More than 25,000 written recommendations have been received from medical men. (3) The gist of what doctors say is this: for all types of CONVALESCENCE and WEAKNESS, Wincarnis is the tonic of tonics, rapid in action and *lasting in effect*.

Health is priceless—

WINCARNIS

still only 5/6 a bottle

(Champagne pint size 3/3)

Pleasant

"ONE-DAY"

way to

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Doctors agree that persistent dosing of laxatives are often injurious. To form a *habit* of laxative taking is almost as bad as having constipation.

Feen-a-mint has solved the problem of constipation for millions of intelligent people. They find it is *safe* because with Feen-a-mint daily dosing is unnecessary. Feen-a-mint is the occasional, natural laxative. It puts your system right the *first time*; regulates it *at once* and puts you back to normal, healthy regularity!

What's more, Feen-a-mint has no unpleasant after-effects whatsoever. It is simple and pleasant to take; that's why kiddies love it. Feen-a-mint acts quickly and naturally. Right after taking Feen-a-mint you *feel good*. No headaches, indigestion, lassitude, bad complexion. Feen-a-mint makes you feel fit and vital again—the *first time*! Don't wait any longer. Get your Feen-a-mint today. You'll be glad you did! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

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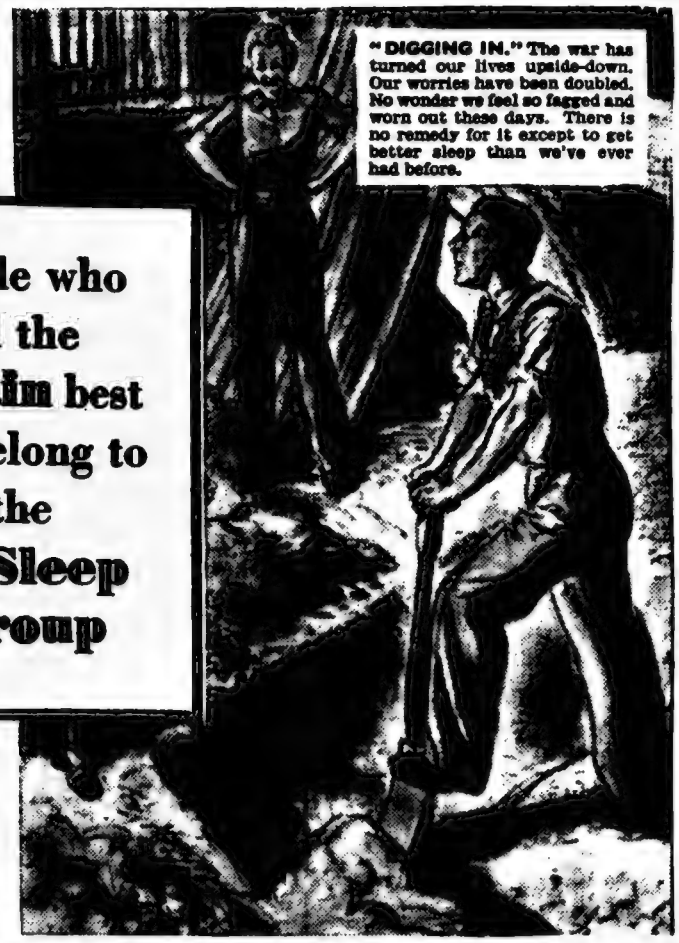
CADBURY'S

MILK CHOCOLATE

'feeds you on your feet'

People who stand the strain best all belong to the 1st Sleep Group



"DIGGING IN." The war has turned our lives upside-down. Our worries have been doubled. No wonder we feel so fagged and worn out these days. There is no remedy for it except to get better sleep than we've ever had before.

DOCTORS KNOW BEST OF ALL what a strain the war is putting upon men and women everywhere. People find themselves unaccountably tired. Nerves are taxed. Anxiety plagues us. More than ever the right kind of sleep is vital.

IN SPITE OF WHITE LINES and luminous buttons, the dark streets put a great strain on motorists and pedestrians alike. It's just a part of the toll that war takes of our nervous energy. To build up our store of nervous energy we must get 1st Group Sleep.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

3rd SLEEP GROUP

Bad sleepers, people who find it hard to go to sleep, or people who wake tired in the morning, belong to this Group. This kind of sleep drains the physical, nervous and mental powers.

The cause is excess acid waste products in the blood at night — *activating* brain and nerves. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

People in this Group seem to sleep well enough, yet feel they lack energy during the day They get tired easily, feel "nervy," run-down. They can't concentrate.

Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 3, to a slightly lesser degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition — ensures 1st Group Sleep.

1st SLEEP GROUP

People in this Group sleep perfectly. Even though they get only 5 or 6 hours in bed, they have plenty of energy during the day. They are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness.

They get the right kind of sleep — that completely refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everybody should have and that Horlicks gives.

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

HOW well you stand up to the strain, worry and extra work of wartime depends very largely upon what kind of sleep you get.

Scientists tell us that all people belong to one of 3 Sleep Groups — 1st Group, 2nd Group, 3rd Group.

They say that the reason why people get "nervy," tired or run-down is because they belong to the 2nd or 3rd Sleep Groups. Their trouble is that their brain and nerves are "activated" all night by the body's excess acid waste products which accumulate in the blood.

After experimenting with many foods and drinks, doctors found that only Horlicks at bedtime counteracted completely these excess acid waste products. Horlicks thus guards against Night Starvation and gives you 1st Group Sleep. Take Horlicks tonight and see how much better you feel.

NO NEED TO ADD MILK

Horlicks is not a drug but a well-balanced, nourishing food. No need to add milk, the milk is already in Horlicks. Just mix with water. Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

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MAJOR

SERGEANT

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The Army asks for ARMY CLUB

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This is the cigarette for the fellow with a full-size man's job to do. When you're feeling all 'hit up,' it steadies the nerves. You've smoked something worth smoking when you've smoked an Army Club.

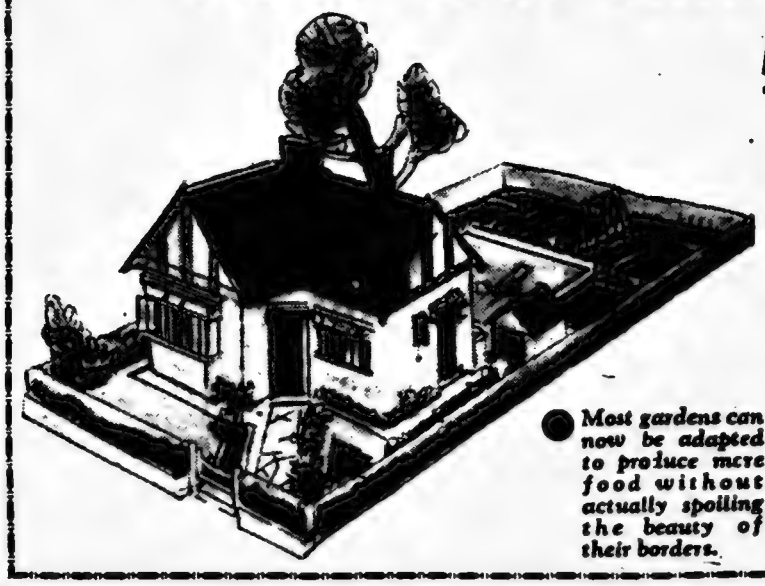
10 for 6½ 20 for 1'0½

Prices at 'Naafi' canteens with the B.E.F.

10 for 2½d — 20 for 5d

Your War Time Garden!

Planned by Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S.



Most gardens can now be adapted to produce more food without actually spoiling the beauty of their borders.

"I AM reluctant to dig up the lawns and rose beds of my nicely laid-out garden, but I could devote half the back garden to vegetables if you think that would help."

This extract from the letter of a fellow-gardener summarises the many questions fired at me by readers perturbed by the suggestion that amateur gardeners should grow more vegetables.

Again I advise all gardeners in this predicament to:

Leave the front garden entirely for flowers and lawn.

Leave an area near the back of the house for lawn and a few flower borders, and cultivate about half of the back for vegetables and salads.

This was the lay-out of many gardens before the war, and most gardens can now be adapted to produce food by turning in a few of the borders and a certain amount of lawn.

If dug in now grass would rot sufficiently to enable the soil to be used for vegetable cultivation. Double dig and break up the subsoil.

Even though they have been in beds for several years, roses can be lifted now and planted in borders or beds either in front of the house or nearer the house. There is no need to destroy them.

Overhanging trees should now be lopped. You cannot grow food crops beneath the shade of trees. By cutting back the branches clean to the main trunk and painting over the cut portion with tar, no harm will result. Boughs can be used for pea sticks.

BECAUSE tree roots rob soil of nourishment, it is advisable to dig a trench as close to the tree as possible, and to cut off roots found in the trench to a depth of two or three feet.

Privet hedges, also great soil robbers, can be treated in the same way. Roots can be cut back severely, and slates or boards should be placed vertically to prevent roots gaining access to the vegetable plot.

Soil that has been plundered by roots should be heavily manured with rubbish from the compost pit or organic manure, and should also receive a good dressing of lime, as much as half a pound to a square yard. Boundary hedges are often too high and wide and throw dense shadows across crops.

They should be cut down to 3 ft. in height and narrowed to 18 in. at the base tapering to 6 in. at the top.

A dense compact hedge provides shelter to the vegetable garden. New hedges can now be planted. For an ordinary division hedge, *Lonicera nitida* is evergreen and makes quick growth. It does not grow too high, and can be clipped severely during the summer.

CONTINUING

Will Scott's Story

But the luck which seemed to have deserted me in the inky lane now changed its mind and came running along after me.

At a side road I found a 'bus, and on the front of the 'bus I could just make out the word in green letters: HAVENHURST. I climbed aboard. I was the only passenger.

When we reached Havenhurst I had only the conductor's word for it. Havenhurst in the black-out was as merry as a woodland glade. I clambered down to the pavement and found myself looking at nothing. The 'bus lumbered away, leaving me with the feeling that I'd lost my only friend.

I DISCOVERED afterwards that I was in the High Street. Nobody else seemed to be. I kept on walking and presently found a policeman.

"Town Hall?" he said. "Yes, sir. Second corner on the left. You can't really miss it when you come to it."

I thanked him and went on.

At the second corner on the left something big seemed to stand up blacker than the black-out. And in the middle of it was the tiniest patch of blue. This denoted the main entrance. I pushed on the main entrance and went inside.

There was a little more light there in the booking hall. There was also a girl with programmes and an evening-dressed man with an important air.

They looked at me, I noticed, with astonishment. And a moment later a man in a dinner jacket appeared through a red curtain and stared.

"Ticket, sir?" said the important-looking man, who was, as I afterwards found out, the manager.

"No, I have no ticket," I said. "I——"

"Sorry, sir," said the manager. "I'm afraid it's impossible. Every ticket we had was sold out by four o'clock this afternoon. There's not a ticket left. I'm sorry."

"Oh, I wasn't coming to the concert."

"*Not* coming?" echoed the manager.

And programmes and the dinner-jacket gathered round.

"No," said I. "I've brought a message from Mr. Amos Tackle."

Their mouths fell open.

"HE'S—er—I'm afraid, lost," I told them

"Lost?"

I told them my story, making it clear that by now the great Amos Tackle was in all probability going round in rings in the middle of a forest, miles away.

"You mean he's not coming?" asked the manager.

"I don't see how he can," said I.

The manager looked at dinner-jacket, dinner-jacket looked at programmes, both looked at the manager

The manager began to smile. The others began to smile. The manager began to laugh. The others began to laugh. They looked at me. They laughed louder.

I'll admit I was a bit rattled. I thought, at first, it was my face. I've never bragged about it, and I'd known it to be laughed at before this. But there's a limit.

"I beg your pardon?" I said indignantly.

The manager sat down on a chair and very nearly put his head between his knees. Programmes stuffed a lace handkerchief into her mouth and turned away. Dinner-jacket leant against the wall and threw his head back.

Never in my life have I heard such laughter. I thought they were going to have hysterics. Dinner-jacket turned round and placed his brow on the flat of the wall.

It was minutes before they were calm, but at last the manager was able to stand, panting.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but—but have you ever heard Amos Tackle *sing*?"

That sent programmes into titters.

"NO," said I.

"He organised a concert here about ten years ago," said the manager. "It emptied the place! He's *ghastly*. Only he doesn't know. He's been trying to organise other concerts since, but he could never sell a ticket. Not one solitary ticket, believe me. We thought he was finished at last, and we were safe. And then the war came."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," said the manager, "that was Amos's chance for a great come-back, and he took it. He organised *this* concert, but not for Amos. Oh, no. For the boys at the front. And, of course, a howling success was assured from the minute he put the first bill out. The boys at the front. . . . Well, who could refuse? And nobody did. From the second we opened the box-office we've been engulfed. Couldn't sell the tickets fast enough."

"Although Amos Tackle was the star turn?" said I.

"Even although," the manager nodded. "It was the boys at the front did it.

"Not a ticket left by four o'clock this afternoon."

"I see," said I. "Well, it doesn't seem much of a joke to me."

"Joke?" I thought he was going to begin again, but he pulled himself up.

"Follow me, sir," said the manager.

He led me through the red curtain into the back of the auditorium. At the end of the gloom I could see the stage. Three or four people seemed to be hanging about with nothing to do. One man was *sitting* on the piano

"Queer concert," said I. "Waiting for Amos, I suppose?"

"Look at the seats," said the manager.

I looked. They were empty. Every one.

"They'll buy out all the tickets for the boys at the front," he went on. "But will they *come* when Amos is the star turn? Not a man of them. And now Amos is lost. And they could have come. Would have come if we could have guaranteed it. What Amos will say when he hears——. Look here, sir, shall we do the concert just for you? We're all here."

"What *I* want," said I, "is the Queen's Hotel."

"I'll come with you," said the manager. "I'm wasting my time here"

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Reader's War Time Story

RIVER RESCUE

By N. R. Wightman
Finchley Road, London, N.W.

LUCK, the proverbial chance in a million, always made my boss sneer until the war whirligigged everything at sixes and sevens and produced the amazing coincidence that is the climax of my story.

Now, we laugh over that stroke of chance.

He might well have landed himself in a police court through his desperate behaviour, and so I'll keep his name to myself. I'll call him Charlie, as I usually do now we are together again as colleagues.

You'll understand our strange story better if I go back to the time when I was manager of Charlie's dress business in London's Soho, and he preached the Gospel of Efficiency—100 per cent. American text-book brand—to us for more than trade union hours.

He even attempted to dominate our leisure hours.

When I started taking life-saving lessons, or indulged my love for yachting on the Thames at week-ends, he told me that sort of thing wouldn't do anybody any good. For a reason you'll learn, he's now altered his opinion.

The first days of the war found Charlie so worried over the collapse of his business that I was "sacked." I joined London's Auxiliary Fire Service River Patrol.

Earning £3 a week was better than pleading with the Unemployment Assistance Board.

I thanked heaven for my qualifying knowledge of the river.

Our craft, one of many, was a fast motor-boat, and our job was to patrol a stretch of the Thames and keep our eyes about us for what was happening, much as the "Specials" and A.R.P. men do ashore. Rescue work and handling of minor fires were all part of our night and day duty.

The river in the black-out is eerie, especially if the blackness is made more dangerous by fog.

It was on such a night as this, late in October, that a "jumpy" watch ended in mishap.

For hours we had been threading our way through patches of fog that one minute permitted us to move fairly fast, the next brought us almost to a standstill.

My companions, an ex-stockbroker, a former £1,000-a-year owner of a woman's luxury handbag shop, and a £2 10s.-a-week clerk whose earnings had been augmented by war, gazed anxiously into the depth of the gloom.

"Look out," we yelled as a barge, which we afterwards learned had broken its moorings, loomed out of the fog-bank a few yards in front of us. A split-second saved us. We turned our nose and "side-stepped" the almost inevitable impact with only inches to spare.

Familiar objects took on fantastic shape in the ghostly gloom. A rowing-boat at its moorings pitched its nose threateningly towards us on the crest of a swell. A buoy bobbed up in front of our bow.

NOTHING worse.

We breathed a sigh of relief.

Nothing friendly, except the grand camaraderie of the river.

The passing bargee's voice.

"'Blimey, what a pea-souper!"

The halt alongside the police boat.

"Step on, and have a cup of tea."

The camaraderie among ourselves that, by the chance of war, had brought the shop manager, stockbroker, bag shop owner and office clerk together in a perilous "front-line" service.

"Chance, indeed," I thought.

The bow of our boat suddenly swung round, as though caught in a whirlpool.

I jumped up from the cabin, bent over the side of the deck, and looked out. The current by this time seemed to have spun us round full circle.

For a second I looked up. Only a few feet away what I recognised at once as the towering arch of a bridge seemed about to hit me.

A moment later there was a crash as the patrol boat struck the side of the masonry, and I was shot into the swirling water by the impact.

I was conscious in those breathless seconds of the shouts of my pals, an icy coldness, and the touch of rough stone as I came up, and with outstretched arm groped for support.

MY right hand slid on to a ledge in the bridge, just enough to give me a grip. I hung on, thanking heaven in the lifetime one lives at such moments that I was a strong swimmer.

As soon as I had time to collect my dazed thoughts I looked round for the patrol boat, but it had vanished into the fog. Yet I could still hear voices. They became more and more indistinct, and finally subsided.

Twice as I hung there I thought I heard the wash of passing craft. I shouted. But no answer came back. My own pals were no doubt trying to find me, but I dreaded that in the fog they might have lost their bearings.

For a moment the fog seemed to lift slightly and I thought I caught a faint glimpse of light straight ahead of me, where I imagined the river bank might be.

"Should I try to swim for it?"

My thoughts were cut short by a splash in the water not many yards away, and the next instant an object appeared on the surface. I could not distinguish what it was.

It disappeared and reappeared again, and this time I distinctly heard a groan. I did not hesitate.

With a few swift strokes I reached the spot, grappling with a man. My life-saving lessons served me well.

What to do?

It was no use going back to the bridge. A chance had to be taken. I took a firm hold of the poor fellow, who seemed to be senseless, and made for where I thought I had seen a light.

My luck was in.

A glimmer of red soon became the hazy outline of a barge. I cried "Help!" with what strength I had left.

I MUST have been near exhaustion. I vaguely remember being hauled into the barge with my unconscious charge, and carried with him into the brightly lit cabin.

Not till then had I an opportunity of seeing the man I had rescued in the light. My first glimpse took away my breath.

It was Charlie.

You can guess how my old boss came to be in the river that night. The war wrecked his business and left him penniless. By rights he should have faced a police court charge for his act of desperation. But he and I alone share his secret.

To-day he is "one of us" in the Patrol, doing his bit, discovering the best in this chance war time camaraderie, and learning to laugh at the omnipotence of the great god Efficiency.

No longer does he pooh-pooh life-saving lessons as a waste of time or belittle the incalculable part that luck and chance can play in every one of our lives.

"John Bull" offers five guineas for the week's finest story of true war time adventure. It must deal with this war, and not contain more than a thousand words

"What! No walkies to-night?" pleads Scrap

DO black-outs mean "no walkies" for your dog? Will rationing mean an ill-balanced diet for him? Bound to! These two factors will upset his health unless you take steps *to keep his blood pure.*

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Difficulties of distribution beyond our control make it impossible for us to do any more.

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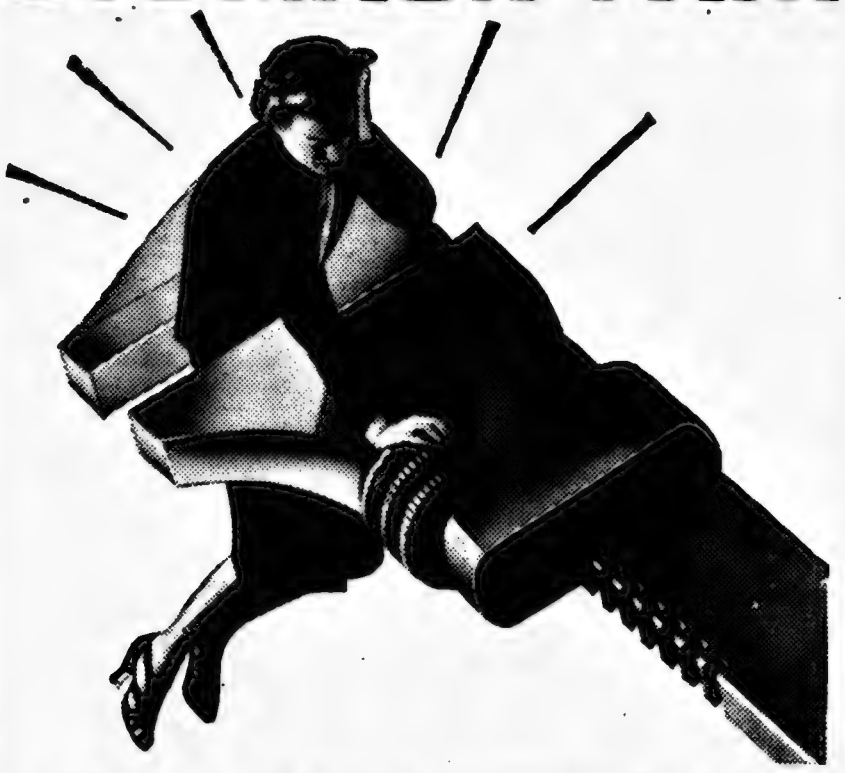


ARE you in the grip of Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, Flatulence, Acidity? Do you sometimes despair that your stomach will ever be strong and healthy again?

Think of the sad, bad, almost hopeless cases that have been cured by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—some of them neighbours of yours perhaps. If you could see the light in their eyes as they tell you what this wonderful powder has meant to them—the pain it has saved them. It would buck you up with new hope.

SURE, SAFE RELIEF FOR YOU

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is no respecter of persons. What it has done in thousands of serious cases IT WILL DO FOR YOU. What's the difference between your case and theirs? The ingredients in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder soothe the stomach lining and DRIVE OUT PAIN. Isn't that what YOU want?

Try this modern, safe remedy. Let it work for YOU as it has done so well for so many.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets.
Pocket Tins of Tablets 6d. and 9d. Slide-top tin 1/3.

MACLEAN BRAND
Stomach Powder
(POWDER or TABLETS)

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!

Ambitious Readers Don't overlook this offer.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, read the special message and advice of Mr. Bennett (Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Sheffield) on page 6. It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned. Fill in and post the Coupon now!

VOICE of the PEOPLE

ORATORS in the Roman Forum ended every speech with the words, "Carthage must be destroyed!" It helped to unite Romans in an effort that eventually achieved the destruction of Carthage.

We should finish every speech, every letter, every bit of writing and conversation with the slogan, "Hitlerism Must Go!"—Gunner D. F. Rogers, Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton.

Savours too much of the Germans' "Heil, Hitler" in our opinion. Still "Hitlerism Must Go!"

A "Moo"-ving Story

Nothing in my opinion better illustrates what a strange place the countryside is to townspeople than this story of a woman, one of 300 people evacuated to homes near here, who heard a noise so strange that she decided it must be an air-raid signal.

So she and 20 companions donned gas masks and waited for the "All Clear."

But it was no air-raid.

For the first time in their lives they had heard—a cow moo.—Mrs. S. Catt, Lower Street, Winfield, Battle, Sussex.

War Fortunes Raid

It is said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to seize at the end of the war 75 per cent. of all fortunes made out of the war.

Before working-people subscribe to war loan they would be glad of an assurance that 75 per cent. of their War Loan Certificates are not purloined, while people who have spent their money go "Scot Free."—T. A., Broomspring Lane, Sheffield, 10.

The Chancellor has promised a raid on "war fortunes" at the end of the war, but he has never mentioned 75 per cent., or any other figure. He would certainly not touch the Small Man's hard-earned savings. As long as "T. A." doesn't make a fortune out of the war, he has nothing to fear!

They Believed It

German propaganda abroad apparently has some effect.

A man earning good money in a Northern shipyard who sent his wife and four children to the seaside, where they live in style, has received a letter from relatives in the United States saying, "How dreadful for your wife and children now that it has become almost impossible to buy food and clothes."

On the strength of what they had heard on the German radio they sent some money, hoping it would help in the struggle to maintain life!—W. J. Houghton, Douglas Drive, Drumchapel, Glasgow.

There may be faults with our propaganda, but many of the German efforts, particularly of this kind, defeat their own ends.

Butter Facts

The Food Ministry was caught napping when announcing that butter was an article it hadn't bothered to store in large quantities because it wouldn't keep.

A mixture of *sal natro-hydrate*, salt, carbozone gas (solution) and distilled water (two tablespoons of the mixture to a 10-gallon churn) ensures that butter keeps, looks, smells and tastes as fresh after 12 months as on the day of making.

It must be kept in certain conditions of storing, and no trace of the mixture remains after the butter has been exposed to the air.—J. E. Elston, Claughton Road, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

Many readers in the wholesale provision trade have written saying that the Government would have learned how to make butter keep if it had consulted experts.

Yet Another Sign?

After four months' suffering in bed through being mown down by a car, may I suggest that a disc or some simple emblem should be displayed outside any house in which lives a person to whom noise or acute vibration means agony?

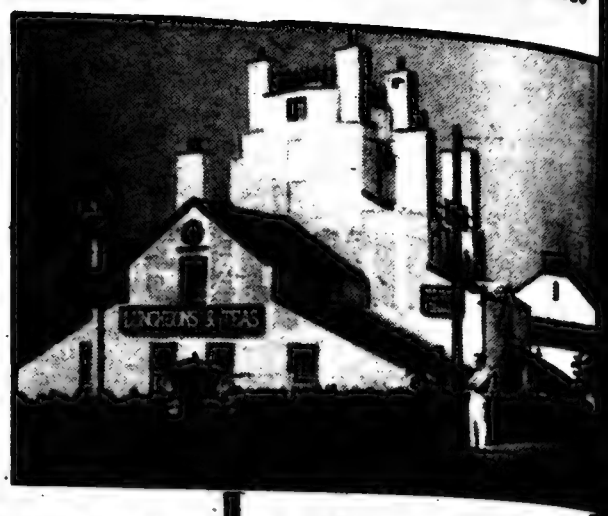
Seeing it, children would play elsewhere, tradesmen would knock gently, motorists would desist from revving their engines or sounding their hooters, and the good people generally of this not-so-bad old world would help.—A. T. Lewor, Amble, Morpeth, Northumberland.

In pre-motor days peat was flung in the street outside houses of invalids. It could be hired by the sack. People seeing it now would probably guess the reason and show due consideration.

Note of Warning

I'm not scared at the prospect of air raids, but the miserable wail of a syren turns my stomach over. Surely, in this world of noise, we could use some more pleasant sound—even something nearly musical.—W. K., Hillborough, Herne Bay.

Russia, Germany, Finland, France, Britain—all countries have adopted the syren for air raid purposes, because it is highly penetrative and unlike noises to which the public have become accustomed. Some countries use our warbling air raid warning as an "all clear" and the continuous "all clear" note as a warning.



House of Cards

THIS quaintly-shaped house at Combe Martin, Devon, has a window for every card in the pack, a floor for each suit, a doorway for each denomination. Some of the windows are now bricked up.

It was built by George Ley, a local squire, out of a fortune he won when gambling with cards.—J. Denton Robinson, The Cottage, Langholm Crescent, Darlington.

BLACK-OUT NEWS

A woman knocked at a friend's door to tell her there was a chink of light showing at one of her windows.

Looking across at the caller's own house, the friend saw that at one window the blind wasn't even drawn. A flood of light was pouring into the road.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the visitor, "My husband's a special constable."—P. Stainrod, 29, Frickley Road, Sheffield, 11.

Going my warden's rounds, I scrambled across two muddy fields and through wire fences to track down a glow.

"Black-out?" asked the woman of the house. "We didn't think it mattered for back windows."—Miss D. D., Darwen, Lancashire.

I was with a woman friend the other night when we saw a luminous band round what appeared to be a lamp-post. We stopped and tried to read the lettering.

For a full minute we stood discussing it, agreeing what a good idea it was, and wondering whether we ought to touch it. And then the "lamp-post" walked away.

We were horrified until we realised that it was the local A.R.P. warden with the fact emblazoned on a luminous strap.—Mrs. M. Rostock, Johnston Avenue, Orrell, Bootle, Liverpool 20.

The conductor of a "blacked-out" bus told us he was cold, and my friend asked jokingly, "Why not come and have a cup of tea with us?"

We were staggered, on leaving the vehicle, to find that he was walking just behind us. "I can just do with that cup of tea," he said.

"But the bus has gone on without you," we said. "Has it?" he retorted. "I thought we had reached the terminus!"

He missed his own bus and had to wait a quarter of an hour for another.—E. Thomas, Llangyfelach Street, Swansea.

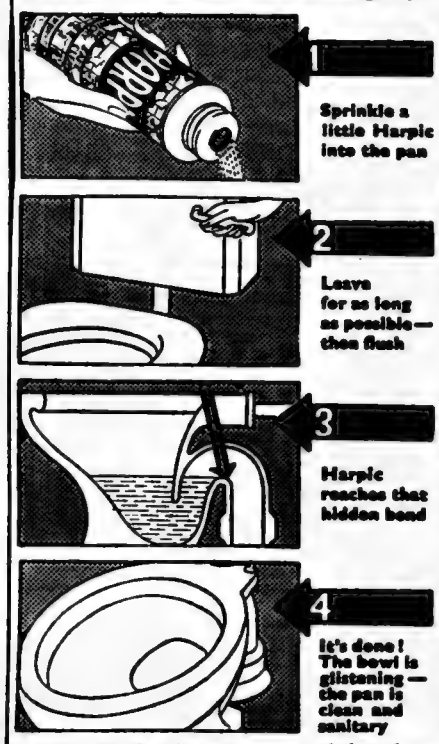
We shall learn to see in the dark with ease if the present "black-out" continues, because in the retina of the eye there is a layer of cells, the rod cells, that are stimulated by dim light only.

These cells enable you to see better in the dark.

That is why country-bred recruits see so much better than town-bred men on night marches.—S. T., Medical Students' Union, Belfast.

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

quickly, simply, thoroughly!


1
Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan
2
Leave for as long as possible—then flush
3
Harpic reaches that hidden bend
4
It's done! The bowl is glistening—the pan is clean and sanitary

TODAY, when homes are crowded, and unexpected jobs have to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It sweeps right round that hidden bend where no brush can ever reach, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

HARPIC for the lavatory

This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Leg Trouble For 16 Years

A Confirmed Cripple

16 years of agony! 16 years of horrible discharging! 16 years of awful skin torture "miraculously" ended by Holloways Ointment! Every skin sufferer must read and take heart at this wonderful tribute. "I suffered with a bad leg for 16 years and tried everything for it. I was turned out of hospital incurable—a confirmed cripple. I was advised to try Holloways Ointment and the trouble was completely healed."

Skin Came Off in Large Patches

"My wife was very much afflicted with eczema about the body, and had four large holes in one leg. The skin came off in large patches every day, and the itching was terrible. No relief could be procured. I persuaded her to try Holloways Ointment. In less than a week she was enabled to put her feet to the ground, and before a month expired could wear her shoes and go about as if nothing had been the matter. All our friends consider it marvellous!"

Nasty Sores On Hands And Arm

"I had some very nasty sores on my hands and arm; after a few days the trouble began to spread. A friend, however, recommended me to try Holloways Ointment, which I did, and after a few pots I am pleased to tell you I am free of every sore spot and the trouble is healed."

Don't run the risk of neglecting your skin trouble—"hoping it won't spread." Hope won't clear it up—only HEALING will do that . . . Instant, soothing, cleansing HOLLOWAY Healing! Holloways Ointment has been famous for over 100 years for SORES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HÆMORRHOIDS, LEG TROUBLES, etc. It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and heals.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

A grand pipeful

You can afford to be generous to yourself with 'Digger' in your pipe. This fine Empire tobacco gives you a full, rich satisfying smoke and an ounce still shows you change out of a shilling.

11D AN OZ

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEY-DEW

P.D.77

CAUGHT CATARRH?

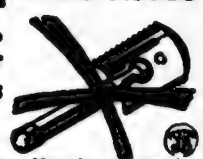
Harmless Remedy gives Instant Relief.

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy acts in 30 seconds. Clears head. Opens breathing passages. Ends congestion in nose, throat, chest. Soothes and heals the raw, inflamed mucous membrane. Loosens and brings away phlegm. "NOSTROLINE" remains active for long periods. Not giving just a passing relief, but lasting freedom even to the chronic sufferers from Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness. Perfectly safe—even for the youngest child. All Chemists, "NOSTROLINE," 1/3.

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.96, Bristol, 8.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories



The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface.* No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and delicately smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, 1/3 and 2/6. Trial size 6d.

Rheumatism

PAIN fades out as SLOANS soaks in

For fifty years Sloans Liniment has been world-famed for its power to master Rheumatic Aches and Pains. A few drops of Sloans gently spread over the painful part with the finger tips is just the aid Nature needs to stop the pain. Almost as soon as Sloans touches the spot you feel a soothing warmth steal through the tortured tissues. Sloans stimulates the circulation and thus disperses congestion. Very soon the pain grows easier and finally disappears.

Here's the Pain Where's the SLOANS?

For 50 years Sloans has been famed for its power to KILL PAIN.
Apply Sloans just where you feel the pain for quick relief from
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS,
BACKACHE, SPRAINS, CRAMP, CHEST COLDS
MUSCULAR AND NERVE PAINS

Get a bottle of Sloans Liniment today. Sold by all Chemists 1/9 per bottle.

SLOANS *Liniment* **KILLS PAIN**

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

WHY DOCTORS ADVISE LIQUID LAXATIVE

Laxatives are always best in liquid form, above all for a child. For, if you give a solid laxative the stomach may not properly dissolve it, and a chemical opening medicine in concentrated form may irritate the sensitive lining of a child's bowels.

Ask any doctor you know. He will tell you that the best laxative for children of all ages is the liquid laxative, 'California Syrup of Figs.' He will say this because it is made from fruit and vegetable extracts and is, therefore, the most natural laxative in the world. Being a liquid you never have to worry and wonder whether it is lying in one spot irritating and griping your child's inside. You can judge just how much 'California Syrup of Figs' to give your child to ensure a gentle yet thorough inside cleansing. No risk of a straining, weakening, purging overdose. And how children love its delicious flavour! See how their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose which keeps them so gloriously fit.

Get a bottle of this ideal laxative to-day. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a box of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips Preparation of Magnesia.

HEALTH news

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

12 YEARS OF WEAK NERVES

Now—
"I have restful nights of natural sleep."

"I am writing to tell you of the great benefit I have received from Dr. Cassells Tablets. . I have suffered with weak nerves for 12 years, but since taking your tablets I have really enjoyed life, with restful nights of natural sleep. I tell everyone I know about Dr. Cassells Tablets."
Yours truly
(signed) Mrs. B.,
Twickenham, Surrey.

We print Mrs. B.'s letter because nothing could more clearly point out the value of Dr. Cassells, the tonic which brings back the joy into life, and sleep to the hours of night.

I WAS GIVEN UP AS FINISHED

Now—
"I am back at work of a heavy nature."

On November 20th, 1935, Mr. G. W. C. of Gorleston, Great Yarmouth, had an accident, fracturing his spine in two places. After six months he left hospital, still a complete nervous wreck, given up as finished. It was then that he saw an advertisement for Dr. Cassells Tablets and, to quote his letter *"I gave them a trial. I can honestly say I felt an improvement and have stuck to Dr. Cassells ever since. I am now back at work which is of a heavy labouring nature."*
(signed) G. W. C.

Feed your Nerves with

DR. CASSELLS BRAND TABLETS

—AND YOU WILL
EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.
The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

For BARGAINS See JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW" *on Page 5.*

A championship changed hands when Big Jim Jeffries, giant boilermaker, felled Battling Bob Fitzsimmons—and a veteran world beater learned again to taste the bitterness of defeat

In the second round the champion cut loose and began fighting with ferocious and reckless abandon. It was in vain

A. W. HELLIWELL continues his dramatic two-fisted stories of GIANTS of the RING

KNOCK-OUT!

HARD as the steel head of the hammer he once had swung in the blacksmith's forge at Timaru, Bob Fitzsimmons's left fist crashed home on the big fellow's chin. Like an echo came the crisp smack of his right, landing with terrible force under the heart.

Old Fitz, fighting desperately to retain the world title he had wrested so dramatically from "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, had put every ounce of strength and skill into those two blows.

Either of them would have finished any normal fight, and, letting his gloves fall to his sides, he stepped away, confidently expecting to see Jim Jeffries crumple and sag to the floor.

A grunt of pain from the giant boilermaker from Los Angeles was the only indication that he had felt those murderous punches.

It was then that Ruby Robert, infinitely wise in ringcraft, saw the first faint tracing of the writing on the wall. He realised that his moments as champion were numbered.

At the end of the round he halted on the way back to his corner and turned to watch Jeffries, hoping to see some sign of distress, some evidence that the blows on which he had gambled so much had sapped some of the strength from his young opponent's frame.

There was none. Jeffries, as erect and menacing as ever, was walking with firm and unfaltering step to his stool.

Bob's expression was an almost comical mixture of dismay and incredulity. Years of swift and easy victories had led him to believe that he was invincible.

In his prime he had been, truly, "Champion of Champions," as he so often described himself.

He had forgotten that as he grew older he was against two opponents in every fight, and Father Time vanquishes the best in the end.

Fitz was a veteran of thirty-seven when he met Big Jim Jeffries, a giant thirteen years his junior and nearly four stone heavier.

JEFFRIES was fashioned on the lines of a colossus, with huge shoulders, a deep, barrel-like chest, and mighty arms on which the muscles stood in bulging knots. He utterly lacked style or skill in the finer points of the game, but in ox-like strength and in his capacity to absorb punishment he had no equal.

His bulk alone was enough to strike terror into an ordinary man's heart, but Fitzsimmons scoffed at the idea that Jeff was too big for him.

"The bigger they are the 'arder they falls," he grinned.

Possibility of defeat had not entered his mind. He was utterly confident that Jeffries, for all his strength, would go the way of the rest of them.

Still smiling, with only the steel-bright gleam in his beady eyes betraying his intention, Fitz left his corner determined to hammer his way to a swift victory.

Across the ring, the challenger stirred his awe-inspiring, dreadnought proportions, looking for all the world like a vast, granite-hewn statue into which the breath of life had been blown.

BENT almost double over his gloves, his square chin tucked into the immensity of his chest, he presented a baffling target. There was little to see of his face except the eyes, glowering from beneath the lowered brows.

His body was crouched behind a tangle of gloves and mighty forearms that seemed impenetrable.

Even Fitz, whose ungainly, top-heavy frame had so often caused ribald comment among ringsiders in his early days, appeared graceful in contrast to this extraordinary-looking figure. He made no attempt to disguise his amusement as he cleverly avoided the ponderous swings aimed at him by Jeffries.

In the second round the champion cut loose and began fighting with ferocious and reckless abandon. But he paid for his folly.

He walked straight into one of Big Jim's haymakers, a mowing left-hander that lifted him clean off his feet.

From the canvas he glared at the giant, and then, before the spectators had time to do more than gasp with astonishment, he was ripping a hail of terrible punches into Jim's lower ribs.

In the next round, a little wary now that he had felt the weight of Jim's ham-like fists, he circled craftily, seeking an opening for his left. Then, lightning-fast he struck, and Jeffries's head was driven back so violently that for a moment it seemed to rest between his shoulder-blades.

It was a terrible punch, the sort that had often put Fitz's opponents out for hours, but Big Jim did no more than shake his head impatiently.

Slowly Ruby Robert's brow wrinkled. But it was not until two rounds later, when he put all he knew into those two terrific blows already described, that he finally realised the truth.

He knew then that he had not the power to hurt this man of iron. Jeffries grunted with pain when he took that sledgehammer left on the chin and that crushing right under the heart, but he still kept his feet.

THEN the stolid giant began to open out for the first time. The champion's hardest punches had made no impression on his granite frame, and, lumbering after him like a huge bear, he began to even the score.

Each time his massive fists crashed home Ruby Robert rocked back on his heels. He was too slow now to avoid Jim's bull-like rushes. His thin legs felt weak and rubbery beneath him. His arms ached from pounding away at Jim's body. His bolt was shot—and he knew it.

In the tenth he took a hard left clean on the point, and as he dropped to his knees it was plain that the end was near. A new champion would soon be crowned.

Wearily Ruby Robert hauled himself erect, and somehow or other his lion-heart carried him to the end of the round, but he swayed drunkenly as he weaved his way back to his corner and sagged on to his stool.

In the next round, after a few feeble attempts to land a knockout, he dropped his gloves to his sides, and with glazed eyes and half-open mouth waited for the end.

For a split second Jeff, suspicious of a trap, thinking that the old master might be foxing, hesitated. Then, realising the truth, he dropped his right shoulder and smashed a mighty right hook to Fitz's chin.

With that blow he became the freckled blacksmith's successor as heavyweight champion of the world.

Bob dropped like a tree under the axe. Face forward he fell, and, with arms flung wide, lay spread-eagled, deaf to the wild storm of cheers that greeted his conqueror.

His wife, whose shrill encouragement had helped him to defeat "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, waited at their home on the lonely beach about six miles from the arena. Towards midnight she heard the sound of Bob's footsteps padding down the road. He was alone, and she knew then that he had lost.

Bravely he tried to hide it from her, lightly vaulting the garden gate to show that he was unhurt.

But he could not hide the truth from her, and taking him in her arms she gently comforted him.

"Don't take it to heart, Bob," she said. "You can't go on fighting for ever, you know."

NEXT WEEK:

Bob Fitzsimmons tries a come-back.

ACUTE SCIATICA

No longer the terror it was

There was a time, not a generation ago, when the sufferer from Sciatica had little choice but to look forward to a dreary course of expensive treatment. That is, if he wanted to be even temporarily freed from the tormenting pain. Several costly weeks at a Spa were considered almost indispensable.

Nowadays, as thousands of sufferers have discovered for themselves, an attack of Sciatica can be dealt with immediately and successfully in your own home, at a cost of pence instead of pounds.

One teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning is a powerful and inexpensive Spa Treatment. Here are the great Spa water elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium to regenerate liver and kidneys and cleanse the whole system of the acids and toxins that help to cause Sciatica, Rheumatism and other similar ills. A daily Fynnon is Nature's sure way to suppleness and health. Try a large 1/3 tin from your Chemist.

To Stop STOMACH PAINS in 5 minutes

take, after meals, a little

'Bisurated' Magnesia

For the Stomach

Get a 6D. Trial Tin (24 Tablets)

Quick—one dose stops pain.
Sure—never fails to relieve; prescribed by doctors everywhere.
Economical — Large size, 1/3d. and 2/6d., even more economical than the 6d. tins.

Now let's make This one!

We've made a galleon, what about this clock? Or shall it be a doll's house, or a jig-saw puzzle? That's just it, these Hobbies tool sets provide us with hundreds of interesting things to make in wood.

HOBBIES

BRITISH FRETWORK OUTFITS

Write for Free illustrated leaflets on request.

Complete sets from 1/6. The AT. at 12/6 is the ideal present. At all leading stores, Ironmongers, Toyshops and Hobbies Branches. Or post from Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 45), Dereham, Norfolk.

SKIN DISEASES

Miraculously Cured by HERBAL TREATMENT

Thousands cured during the last 50 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

A. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 21, KIRBY HOUSE, BRADFORD.

Your Pools Notes

by "Poolex"

INTRODUCED a new method of pool forecasting last week. By comparing predictions of newspaper experts with actual results, I compiled a list of teams that have been playing as expected—the dependable teams.

This worked out very well, and I have extended the analysis to cover all the 114 clubs playing in the English and Scottish regional competitions. In the lists below, teams are classed in six groups. The "strong and dependable" teams have been playing both *well* and *as expected*.

Next two groups give a form grading for the other teams playing as expected. Southport is typical of the "dependable, weak" class. They lost three of their first four games and won the other, producing the expected result in each case.

Remaining clubs cannot be classed as dependable. Half their games have produced a "surprise" result. Some are playing better than expected. Other teams have failed to play as well as expected.

Teams classed as "erratic" have been playing above expectations one week, then falling unexpectedly the next time.

This analysis will help you to avoid the surprise results that wreck coupons.

If Arsenal (dependable, strong) are playing Southend (dependable, weak), then the form result of a home win is likely.

A match between Millwall (below expected form) and Norwich (above expected form) is likely to result more in favour of Norwich than the experts anticipate. You should avoid such a game if possible.

POOLEX'S "FORM AND RELIABILITY" GUIDE.

Dependable Teams.

Strong.	*Medium.*	*Weak.*
Arsenal.	Brighton.	Ayr.
Blackpool.	Chelsea.	Brentford
Bradford C.	Clapton O.	Carlisle.
Charlton.	Coventry.	Crewe.
Chesterfi'd.	Hartlepools.	East Fife.
Cowdenb'th.	Leicester.	Lincoln.
Everton.	Luton.	Mansfield.
Falkirk.	Motherwell.	N. Brighton.
Glasgow R.	Notts C.	Raith R.
Grimsby.	Nott'm F.	Rochdale.
Leeds.	Port Vale.	Sheffield W.
Newcastle.	Reading.	S'thampton.
Plymouth.	St. Bernards.	Southend.
Portsmouth.	Sheffield U.	Southport.
Queen's Pk.	Third Lan'k.	Stockport.
Tottenham.		Torquay.
		Tranmere.
		Walsall.
		York.

Teams Playing Better than Expected.

Aldershot, Alloa, Barrow, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Darlington, Doncaster, Dumbarton, Dunfermline, Dundee U., Hamilton, Morton, Newport, Norwich, Northampton, Oldham, Preston N.E., Queen of S., Rotherham, Stenhousemuir, Swindon.

Teams Playing Worse than Expected.

Aberdeen, Arbroath, Blackburn, Bristol City, Bolton, Celtic, Halifax, Hearts, Hibernian, Hull, Kilmarnock, Middlesbrough, Millwall, Partick, St. Johnstone, Watford, West Bromwich Albion, Wolves.

Erratic Teams.

Accrington, Airdrie, Albion R., Barnsley, Bradford, Bristol Rovers, Burnley, Bury, Cardiff, Chester, Clyde, Crystal P., Dundee, Fulham, Huddersfield, King's Park, Liverpool, Manchester City, Manchester United, Queen's Park Rangers, St. Mirren, Stoke, Swansea, West Ham, Wrexham.

Write to "John Bull" About it

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 18/-. 48 cups, scrs. 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery,9,Buralem.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. Bazaar Goods, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), B'rmingham.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J. B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. New season's patterns. Post free both ways.—Bruce & Hall (J.B.), South Shields.

CARNIVAL HATS, NOVELTIES, BALLOONS, Decorations. Fancy Costumes. Bgn. list free. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CROSS THE ROAD with safety with a Pedlite pedestrian torch. Shows red warning to oncoming traffic. See advertisement, page 8.

LONDON BUS DRIVERS' overcoats. Warm and durable, for lorry drivers road and farm workers, etc. See WILLSON BROS.' offer on page 8.

WHAT! YOU CAN'T GET BATTERIES? Then send an order to C. Davies, who will deliver by return. See announcement, page 8.

Live up to that smart uniform!

Already you've probably sacrificed your elaborate up-swept hair style to accommodate your uniform cap—but there's no need to sacrifice the health and the beauty of your hair as well.

Eve Shampoo solves all the hair-dressing problems of women in camp. There's little time? Eve brings out all the dirt and grease in a moment. Rinsing is difficult? Eve is soapless—leaves no lime-scum to cling to your hair and make a lot of rinsing necessary. Eve is really the quickest shampoo out, and it leaves your hair so satiny-smooth, so fresh and clean, so full of high lights—and so easy to set.

Keep your hair smart and lovely with . . .

Eve shampoo costs only 2d

EVC 40-172-55 JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

XMAS WHOLESALE Catalogues now ready. Keenest values and prompt deliveries for the draper, market man, etc. Send p.c.—Archers, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

INSIST on SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES if you want the best. Every note reproduced clearly. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios. 6d. per 100.

DRAPERS.—164-page Illus. Winter Catalogue post free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at Keenest prices. Satis. gntd. W'sale Only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1939 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WALLPAPER direct from works. 250 patterns, post free. Delivery as usual. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 8, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT AND SKILLED HANDS.

WANTED.

EXPERIENCED SETTERS

for Turret Lathes, Capstans, Automatics and Milling Machines, also Inspectors with Fine Limit experience. FULL DISTRICT RATES, good working conditions and piecework. Permanent work to suitable applicants.—Apply personally or by letter to: Employment Dept., AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Strowger Works, Liverpool, 7, or to Mr. Maitland, AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Melbourne House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

POLICEMEN WANTED for various parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. — For full details of easy Entrance write, B.T.I. (Dept. 662), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

POLICE FORCE.—Married & single men, age 19-27, urgently required for reserved occupations. Start £3 wkly.—For FREE GUIDE to simple entrance requirements apply, CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 133), Chislehurst, Kent.

TRACERS AND DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS required urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-time Entrance service, and details of pay and duties in the various branches. — B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for reserved occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 382), Chislehurst, Kent.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get the advice of Mr. Bennett, Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield. It may make a wonderful difference to your future!—Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

CLUB AGENTS' GREAT OPPORTUNITY! Change now to G.U.S. Shilling Clubs. New 472-page Catalogue of 3,000 Bargains! Generous commission and bonuses. Send for complete Outfit, value 7/6, FREE, from Great Universal Stores, Devonshire St., Ardwick, Manchester.

TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to take up profitable spare-time occupation. No risk. No outlay. Equipment provided free. From £2 up to £8 and more can easily be made in just a few minutes each week. Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furnishings and Household Goods, direct from the Warehouse at Warehouse prices, on 1/- weekly terms. Send postcard for the Bargain Catalogue (no increase in prices) and fullest details to Dept. J.B.88, WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE, Manchester, 1.

AGENTS WANTED. Pvte. Christmas Cards. World-famed "Orient" Smpl. Book FREE & CARR. PAID. Contains Calendars, Novel Booklet, Royal Family, 52-page Engagement Diary, Real Pokerwork Calendar, Animal Studies, Beautiful Greeting Cards and Novelties. SPECIAL PATRIOTIC GREETINGS and War Service Badges. Highest Comm. & Prizes.—HAMILTON, ORIENT WORKS, Dept. 784, BLACKBURN.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

RUN-DOWN MEN, WOMEN! FEEL FIT AS EVER. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster vitamins and general invigorators. First dose starts new health and vigour or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/6. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

IF you are troubled with skin affections, Holloway's Ointment will soothe, cleanse, purify and heal. See page 28.

FREE sample of Do-Do Brand Asthma Tablets. For quick relief send at once for a free test supply by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to International Laboratories, Ltd., 1/3, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nostroline advert. on page 29, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

MOTHERS, send for this free Book! If you have a baby, you must have a copy of "The Little Red Book." Just send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Steedman & Co., 270P., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17, and a free copy will come by return. See page 3.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ARE you a sampler? Do you respond to advertisements which offer samples? You ought to. It is a way of trying out all kinds of things which you might never know about. Make a habit of answering the advertisements and testing the goods.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL Endowment Policies bought outright; also Refuge and Salvation Army Policies purchased.—Pioneer Sales, Winchester.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS. Pre-War Prices, 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 500-hole board, 3/6, and illus. cat., BURDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

IF you are thinking of Radio do not overlook the announcement of Bush on page 21. There is a range to suit all pockets.

KEEP up your spirits! Have a glass of wine regularly and make a POINT of it. Point Brand Wines from 2/6 a bottle can be obtained from any Wine Merchant or Licensed Grocer. Red Point—Rich Ruby Wine or Port character. White Point—White sweet wine of Port character. Amber Point—British Sherry of supreme quality—will appeal to everybody. Don't overlook the special announcement on the Front Cover.

YOUR GARDEN is a national asset. Anything which braces the spirits in war time is an asset. Contribute your share by keeping your garden bright. Send at once for Bees' "National" Half-dozen ROSES. See announcement on page 25.

A BOOKLET of immediate practical importance to all dog-owners, entitled "How to care for your dog in war time," is now available free on application. It contains a wealth of practical hints regarding exercise during black-outs, war ration feeding, blastproof kennels, management of nervous dogs, etc., etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bob Martin, Ltd. (60D), Union Street, Southport, Lancs.

A SHAVE in two minutes. No water needed. Use Shavex—the no-soap, no-brush method of shaving. Used by all the British Forces. Obtainable from all chemists and stores in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 tubes or 1/8 pots. See Back Cover.

FREE.—Particulars of the leading British Fretwork Outfits are contained in a leaflet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 49), Dereham, Norfolk, for free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

STILL BIGGER XMAS OFFER
for John Bull's Entertaining X-Word!

Win 25/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE

FINE PENSION or £300 CASH

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR SECOND RUNNERS-UP

£200 INCREASED TOTAL OF CASH AND XMAS DINNERS

CASH PRIZES, WITH XMAS HAMPERS, TURKEYS OR FOWLS, WILL BE RECEIVED BY 1ST RUNNERS-UP—TOTAL VALUE £200

LAST WEEKS of XMAS DINNERS

Be Quick for your Hamper, Turkey or Fowl!

UP yet again goes *John Bull's* Crossword Offer! Supporting the First Prize attraction of a fine Life Pension, there is no less than £200 in Cash and Christmas Dinners for those who just miss the top of the prize-list.

But time is flying and these special Christmas Offers will soon be over. Tackle this week's entertaining Puzzle *NOW* and win the merriest Christmas of your life!

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 179th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, December 14. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, December 2, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, December 14. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

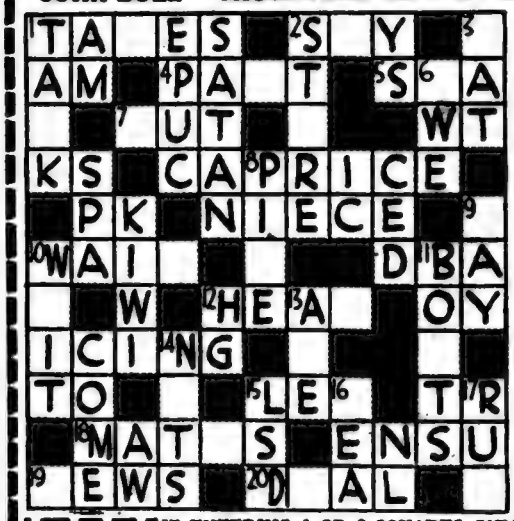
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

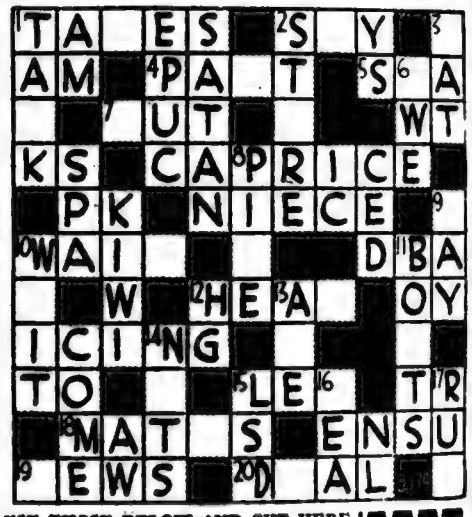
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

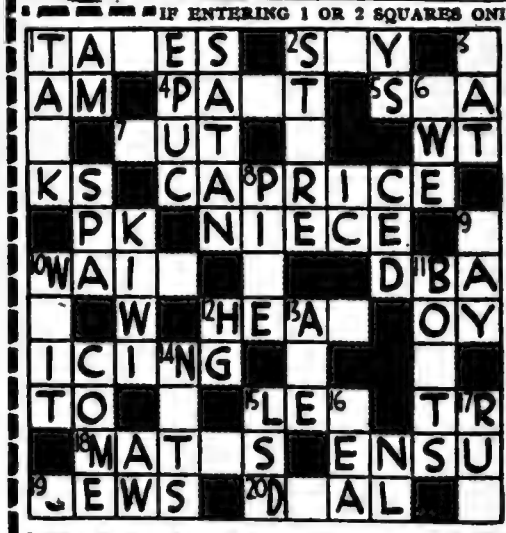
CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

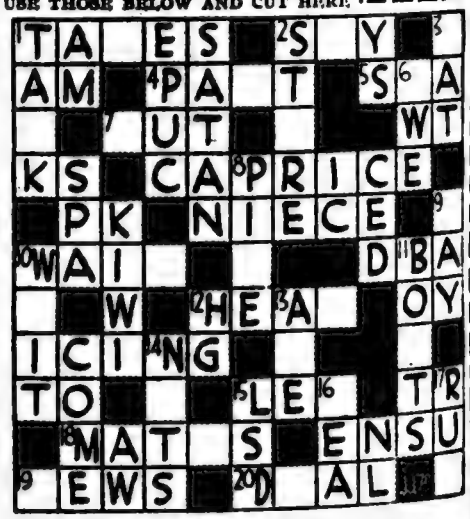
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 179. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.





IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE





ACROSS CLUES

1. Collection of these can bring in a great deal of money
2. You might be inclined to inform the authorities if you knew neighbour was putting one up
4. Villain in melodrama usually has an unpleasant one
5. Ocean
7. Mechanic sometimes uses, when assembling machinery
10. It may be kind farmer can employ
12. It's possible that you will get a punch in this of scrap
15. Allow
18. Some men get on very well with
19. Church-goers are sometimes seen in
20. One at fair may clearly indicate big man's weight

DOWN CLUES

1. It might be wise to take naughty child to this, if lesson is needed
2. Visitors who come up to town love to do this in busy street
3. Sometimes placed right in front of wicket
6. Female sheep
8. Angler will be delighted if he lands one
9. It's hard not to be disappointed if you lose this
10. Remain
11. Tramps often have old ones
13. It's usually dangerous to let child play with
14. Butterfly ones are often made of quite light material
16. Afternoon meal
17. One on bank may just possibly bring disaster to some people

£200 Plus Xmas Hamper, Turkey and Cake, FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for this week's fine offer of Cash and Christmas Fare, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

Name.....

Address.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

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FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps

FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 64 "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

PENSION WON OUTRIGHT!

Result of Crossword No. 176.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 176, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious set of Answers for one Square (see on right) was the following competitor:—

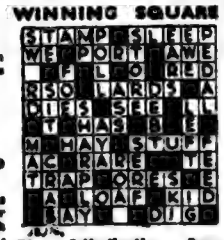
Miss G. L. WALSBY,
64, Victoria Avenue, East Ham, E.6.

This competitor will receive 25s. Weekly for Life or a lump sum of £300 cash.

The Award of £125 in Cash and Christmas Feasts to Runners-up has been divided between 33 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive Cash and Christmas Feast to the value of £3 15s. 10d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 296 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points SWARD or SWORD and ROAD or ROAN were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

WINNING WORDS:—

ACROSS.—1. STAMP. 3. SLEEP. 8. PORT. 7. RED. 11. HAY. 12. STUFF. 16. TRAP. 18. LOAF. 19. KID. 20. BAY. 21. DIG.

DOWN.—1. SWARD or SWORD. 2. POLL. 3. STORE. 4. PEDAL. 6. FOR. 8. SIT. 9. DENT. 10. LEFT. 13. FEED. 14. CRAB. 15. ROAD or ROAN. 17. SKI.

X-WORD AID POST FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 179, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Saver" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 179, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

BUMPER XMAS OFFER COMING!

Tragedy of the "Black-coats"

THERE are fifteen million men and women in this country to-day, honest, deserving, hard-working folk, facing a troubled future, yet they cannot insure against the increasing threat of unemployment.

Nobody knows how many of them are now without work.

Unemployment returns give only a glimpse of the truth, but few people cannot find a "black-coat" worker who is up against it somewhere among their friends.

These new victims of unemployment are the non-manual workers who were earning more than £250 a year, private domestic employees, small employers whether shopkeepers or factory owners.

Unemployment returns have left unrevealed this great human story of the vast army of jobless, uninsurable, unregistered middle-class breadwinners.

Three years ago a Government committee recommended the extension of unemployment insurance to non-manual workers earning up to £400 a year.

The King's Speech at the opening of Parliament last February mentioned the Government's intention of "amending the Unemployment Insurance Acts." It was intended to raise the income limit and include domestic workers and small employers, but nothing happened before the job-closing landslide of September 3.

The Government, the Joint Industrial Council and every other authority concerned are now straining to find a remedy.

They must include under the Act every non-manual worker earning up to at least the £400 a year as suggested by the Statutory Committee of three years ago, the inclusion of every one of the million and more humble domestic workers, and the extension of insurance to the "Little Man" employer.

Every manual worker (even though his salary is £2,000 a year) is insured against unemployment, yet the same privilege is denied to all non-manual workers, so-called "black-coats," men or women, earning more than £250 a year, to every domestic employee, including private teachers and governesses, and to every employer.

The non-manual worker earning £250 a year cannot even remain insured against unemployment if his income rises.

HIS right to unemployment insurance is governed by an income "at the rate of" £250 a year, which means that if through spasmodic employment for three months in the year he earns £100 (which is more than "at the rate of" £250 a year) he is disqualified for insurance.

This insurable income limit of £250 has remained unchanged for 20 years.

The only recourse of hundreds of thousands of jobless uninsured breadwinners, the most numerously deserving class on Britain's Home Front to-day, is to the charity of the Unemployment Assistance Board.

Failing charity there, they must go to the Public Assistance Committee.

The only hope offered to this unknown army of uninsurable victims of war is the humiliating stop-gap remedy whereby the Unemployment Assistance Board is charged with "relieving distress arising from the war to distressed persons and their households even though the applicants may not come within the ordinary insurance scheme."

Something more definite must be done for these sufferers by Mr. Chamberlain and the other political leaders from whom such persons still expect fair play.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

When Home Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare was responsible for introducing the Criminal Justice Bill

CRIME DOCTORS DEFY WAR!

EVERY effort is being made by Crime Doctors to continue the scientific treatment of delinquents despite the overwhelming difficulties created by war.

It is now more essential than ever that the treatment of criminals by doctors instead of prison warders should continue.

This was emphasised by a Home Office Report, "The Psychological Treatment of Crime," recently issued and lost in the welter of war news. It gives a fascinating account of how two famous specialists, working behind the grim walls of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, change apparently hopeless criminals into normal citizens.

During a four-year investigation they handled hundreds of delinquents.

The specialists are extremely modest about many of the complex patients with whom they had to deal, yet, out of the 169 prisoners completing the course of treatment, 141 (nearly 84 per cent.) were not reconvicted after leaving prison.

They mention a public school boy, aged twenty-five, who was serving a sentence of 12 months for forgery, after a previous conviction for felony. His father had suffered several nervous breakdowns.

Although he was very fond of his parents, neither of them paid much attention to him when he was home on holiday, and he started to steal at the age of nine.

UNPOPULAR at school, he left at the age of seventeen, quarrelled with his father, and ran away from home.

His subsequent career ranged from petty theft and evil living to a period spent in a monastery. Depressed one day he would be wildly elated the next. He was afraid of the dark, and he could not rest if things in a room were an inch out of position.

Treatment banished his fears and smoothed out fits of depression and elation.

More difficult was a young man, aged twenty-one, who received four sentences of 12 months each, to run concurrently, for sending a letter threatening to destroy a building and for three cases of arson. At sixteen he began developing sadistic tendencies. He revelled in films containing scenes of flogging, and found immense delight in hurling stones at passing trains. He was exhilarated when references were made to the stone-thrower in local newspapers.

Doctors discovered that he was an avid reader of anarchist literature, and he admitted that he was keenly thrilled by scenes of cruelty. It was not long before skilled treatment was leading his energy away from sadistic impulses into normal and healthy channels.

Nobody can read this report without developing an entirely new attitude towards many of those who are now in prison. They are often victims of circumstances outside their control.

SPECIALISTS mention hereditary tendencies, bad home conditions, or even the after-effects of such diseases as sleeping sickness.

In many cases imprisonment has been a blessing. Carefully observed and examined by specialists, prisoners find that someone is taking a real interest in them for the first time. This applies particularly to young offenders.

Psychological and psychotherapeutic treatment has come to stay. It is creating lives out of human material which was thrown on to the scrap-heap of crime in former years.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Newbury "National"?

ALTHOUGH the Jockey Club is planning 1940 on the assumption that a normal list of fixtures will be practicable, doubts are expressed about the Aintree course at Liverpool being available for racing if we are still at war in March.

If it is not practicable to run the 1940 Grand National at its rightful home, Newbury has overwhelming claims to the honour. It is a grand steeplechase course, beautifully laid out and providing a thoroughly good test of jumping abilities.

The management is capable, and no other racecourse is so well served by railway, a facility of growing importance in days of restricted road travel.

Let me remind you that the *Sporting Life* Saturday edition contains full programmes, with index to the horses engaged, for the following week's race meetings.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, November 23, to Wednesday, November 29.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY

BANISH war nerves now! Life is becoming increasingly difficult in these war conditions, but you *must* keep calm. It is your first, most important duty to yourself and your family! Take VIKELP and start building a priceless fund of nervous energy. You will be a tower of strength to others in these worrying times.

Your nerves—your vigour—your whole life is controlled by your glands. Ten tiny glands control the entire human system and, the glands can only function properly when fed by minerals and vitamins. These are the substances that act as the fuel which gives you the energy to work, to move, to think. Working and worrying during war conditions burn them up too quickly; they must be put back. You must refuel your glands and build your nervous system NOW!

VIKELP

1. Soothes war nerves	5. Gives you an appetite
2. Banishes depression	6. Promotes sleep
3. Aids digestion	7. Is an all-round tonic
4. Gives vigour, vitality	8. Resists illness

If you feel that VIKELP has not done all that we have told you, merely send back the carton and your money will be refunded. Start VIKelp brand Mineral Vitamin Tablets today. Prices 1/9 Test Size; 3/6 ten-day Guarantee Size; 6/9 Economy Size; 11/6 Hospital Size.

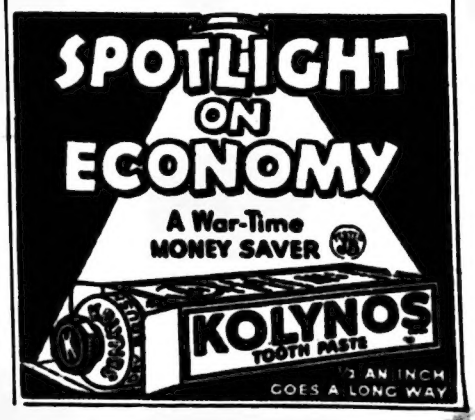
VIKELP
BUILDS NERVES AND STRENGTH
Ask for New "Concentrated" Tablet

SAVED From An OPERATION FOR PILES

Great New Remedy

Dear Sirs: I have suffered with Hæmorrhoids very badly indeed. I was told that only an operation would cure. The trouble began to be very painful, and I was in despair. I made up my mind to try *Germoloids*, and am very thankful I did so, for I have had real and lasting relief for the last 4 months.—J. G., London, W.1. If YOU are a victim from this horrible trouble, you, too, should try *Germoloids*. They soothe instantly—stop smarting, itching, "burning," reduce swelling, end bleeding! They heal while you sleep, protect against infection and prevent constipation. Get a box TO-DAY! A pleasant effective, internal remedy.

GERMOLOIDS Brand are obtainable from all chemists and cost only 1/3 per box.



★ The Last Laugh ★

MISS R (Frant).—"What is the best exercise for reducing?" Just move the head slowly from right to left when you are asked to have a second helping.

R. K. (Wivenhoe).—"What sort of proof have we that the Maginot Line is impregnable?" Concrete.

A. P. (London, N.).—"My girl has just got her third stripe in the A.T.S." On congratulating her we suppose you said "Kiss me, sergeant."

S. D. (Manchester).—"Everybody has always had the start on me. I started on scratch I'm still on scratch." What's biting you, man?

B. R. (Wisbech).—"Since the war I have often had to do a night shift." Things may be difficult, but you ought to try to pay your rent.

S. V. (Wantage).—"It would be a feather in my cap if I became an officer." It would be several feathers in your hat if you became a field marshal.

F. B. (Diss).—"We had to discharge the maid as she broke so much crockery and now she has got a job with the A.R.P." Demolition squad, we suppose.

R. M. (Sevenoaks).—"A friend of mine, who is a famous Cubist painter, has been trying to join the Army ever since war broke out." Attracted by the barrack squares?

JIM (Nantwich). — "When I was examined before joining a balloon barrage unit the doctor said I had splendid lungs." You don't have to blow the things up, do you?

GARDENER (Maidenhead).—"What do you think I got for carrying on with the weeding at my employer's request during a very heavy downpour?" Influenza?

D. E. (Romford).—"Railway carriages should have enough light for the passenger to see the passenger sitting opposite." The idea is not practical. Straphangers are opaque.

R. L. (Liverpool).—"Neutral ships are bringing food to us, but what are Germans getting?" Hungry.

SERGEANT-MAJOR (Warley).—"When I saw the new batch of recruits on the parade ground, words failed me." We hope they realised what a lucky escape they had had.

T. L. (Ingham).—"My baby boy was named after a famous British general. Do you know why?" Yes, because the famous British general was named before him.

T. C. (Exeter).—"I can't afford a new winter coat for my wife, can you?" No, not after we have managed to buy our own wife one.

E. L. (Ventnor).—"Although I was only twenty at the outbreak of the last war, I rose to the rank of major, but can you guess what I am in this war?" Yes, forty-five.

T. P. (Kensington).—"If I had all the cups I have won at swimming I could start a jeweller's." If we had all the ducks we got at cricket we could start a poultry farm.

E. M. (Tring).—"French troops heard clanking sounds from the Siegfried Line surmised to be pumps dealing with flooding." Or it may have been Field Marshal Goering on a tour of inspection with all his medals.

Side-Slips

THE NORTHERN ECHO:—"... was fined for driving an uninsured motor cycle and £1 for not having a driving OFFENCE."

EAST END NEWS:—"B——'s MONEY came forward and said her son had only just come out of hospital."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"... and the stock sold numbered 70 BOASTS, 330 sheep, 125 pigs and 25 calves."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Stalin has barred Hitler's path to the Black SEAT, so Hitler's only choice is to fight a war which he cannot win on the Western Front."

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIMES:—"On the other hand, many U-boats are being sent to their ROOM."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE: "For the present there is no question of the French Army launching a HUG offensive on the Siegfried Line."

THE STAR:—"The fee for this is 5s. a PEAR, and the holder does not have to carry an 'L' plate ..."

C. T. (Bodmin).—"I have heard reports that German pilots are doped with whisky before they go up" Our airmen often fly blind, too.

N. P. (Crewe).—"After I had been in the café some time, the waitress brought me a drink which I really could not put up with." It wasn't your cup of tea?

VERNON (Durham).—"I object most strongly to the questions asked some conscientious objectors." So you've been taken off the register too, have you?

LAWYER (London, W.).—"When I was a boy my highest ambition was to be a pirate." You're lucky. It isn't every man who can realise the dreams of his youth.

D. D. (Luton).—"Can you really believe that Christmas will be here in about another four weeks?" Yes, we have a calendar in which we put implicit trust.

S. K. (Stockport).—"I insist on saying what I like about Hitler." Surely there's nothing about him you do like?

T. G. (Lewes).—"When making after-dinner speeches I talk just as long as I please." That's very thoughtful of you.

F. W. (Kettering).—"When I married him I thought my husband was a brave man." So, perhaps, did a lot of your friends.

T. R. (Leominster).—"My wife says I've broken her heart and she's going back to her mother." Oh, but she couldn't—she hasn't the heart to go!

ACTOR (On Tour).—"I am enclosing a photograph of myself on the rocks at Plymouth." Are you the man coming out of the pawnshop?

G. J. (Kidderminster).—"Times have changed. Ten years ago neighbours used to drop in for a call." Now they call in for a drop

H. H. (Watford).—"I am a firm believer in the old adage. 'Look not on the wine when it is red.'" That's right. Get busy and drink it.

Miss T. (Hampstead).—"Last week I sang at a camp concert somewhere in the country. The next day, most of the troops left for France." Cause and effect?

3-Minute Mystery

SOLUTION.

Captain Connolly found the window stuck about half-way, leaving a gap of nineteen inches. If a thief *had* clambered through this small space, he would have knocked down the five packets of cigarettes that Connolly had lifted from the window-sill.

In any case, a thief would not have failed to take the packets of cigarettes, if only to give or sell them to his friends.

Nash confessed that he had lost money and hoped to recoup by staging the robbery.

TOMMY (Devon).—"The whole squad was passed by the doctor as having excellent sight." Eyes right!

V. T. (Tadcaster).—"The chicken is a conceited bird." Perhaps it knows the prices charged for it in some hotels.

H. Y. (Long Ashton).—"What would be the best thing for me to do to help to keep the home fires burning?" Put more coal on

PRIVATE (Aldershot).—"In a boxing competition I was beaten by my sergeant." That was tactful.

M. R. (Derby).—"The man who called me a barefaced liar had to take back his words." In the excitement he hadn't noticed your moustache?

G. J. (Leigh).—"My daughter is a very beautiful girl. Her face is most certainly her fortune." So she doesn't want it lifted?

S. B. (Acton).—"There is a rare complaint that gives a person the impression that his joints are much bigger than they really are." The proprietor of two or three small night clubs is apt to suffer from this.

The Kid by Lees

F. N. (Shalford).—"The autumn cold is a positive plague." The man who knows a sure cure for it is a positive pest

B. C. (Goole).—"I've joined the Army but I won't make a very good soldier, I'm afraid." Well, if you are, you won't.

P. S. (Cosham).—"If I take on the secretaryship will I have to spend much time writing up the records of the meetings?" No, it's just a matter of minutes.

PHYLLIS (Gloucester).—"I saw a notice outside a shop saying, 'Thousand New Hats From Paris.'" So you promptly went in and tried them on!

C. K. (Somewhere in England).—"As we have no warning sirens, where would we poor villagers be if German planes suddenly attacked us from the air in the middle of the night?" In bed, we expect.

H. T. (Henley).—"You can take it from me that in sixty years' time kissing will have died out." In sixty years' time we shan't care.

C. E. (Barking).—"I often wonder how the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds all the money he requires for war purposes." He doesn't find it—he takes it!

G. G (Silloth).—"I'll guarantee I'm the most absent-minded man in the world. I do the queerest things." Mind you don't kiss the door good-bye and slam the wife.

S. R. (Bourne).—"I was told of a German press report that a Nazi pilot flew over England in broad daylight and took photographs of our ports and factories." Just a flight of fancy!

T. D. (Birmingham).—"The voluntary A.R.P. workers get praise and thanks, but what do we paid ones get?" Money.

R. M. (Datchet).—"As a taxpayer I am footing the bill for this war, but what, after all, do I get for my cash?" A receipt.

T. H. (Horley).—"Perhaps you would tell me what is the best thing to get for fleas?"—A dog.

N. F. (Salford).—"I can tell a lady by the way she dresses." A real lady would pull down the blind.

MRS. D. (Edmonton).—"Table scraps can be converted into all sorts of things. Including food for gossip for the neighbours.

T. G. (Stevenage).—"My mongrel puppies often fetch as much as three pounds." You're lucky. We cannot even train our pedigree retriever to do that.

TIM (Ealing).—"Half the population of London could be accommodated in the Maginot Line." But they still persist in trying to cram into our early morning train.

MAC. (Ayr).—"I completely lost my bearings during one of your London fogs." You went into a temperance hotel by mistake?

His Ship Came Home!

TRAVELLING home from the Clydebank shipyard in which he worked, labourer Dugald Clark considered his chances of being "in the money" at Christmas.

Attracted by war time prize lists, he had recently become a regular *Bullets* competitor, returning to a hobby that had fascinated him for years.

A few minutes later he reached his home in Cleveland Street, Glasgow, only to find a golden envelope waiting.

Within two weeks of returning to his old hobby this shipyard worker's ship had come home with £200 cash!

"I'd been listening to a radio talk about what Britain and France had been doing," he said. "That started me on the 'Example,' Britain and France. Knowing what Goebbels is doing, I completed it this way: BRITAIN AND FRANCE—ARE NOT 'LYING BACK.'"

Well, that's how Reader Clark made the most of his *Bullets* opportunities. Instead of lying back and leaving the prize-money for others, he settled down to winning £200.

You, too, will enjoy this quiet half-hour with *Bullets*—and you, too, may soon be planning a Merry Christmas to the tune of £200.

Turn now to page 35!

FINAL and BIGGEST OFFER of BULLETS XMAS FEASTS

ONE WEEK ONLY

BIG 4-in-1 FIRST £200

£20 plus XMAS HAMPER £10 plus XMAS TURKEY

XMAS HAMPER, TURKEY & CAKE

DONT BE TOO LATE!

IMPORTANT Place your Xmas Day address on coupon, since time available precludes any diversion of Xmas Prizes.

POST BY SAT. DEC. 2

HOW TO WIN

TO-DAY comes your final big opportunity to enjoy a right royal Christmas Feast from JOHN BULL on December 25, but these good things galore are within your reach for a few days only. Before you, now awaiting good *Bullets*, is an avalanche of seasonable fare, comprising well-filled Hampers, prime Turkeys, plump Surrey Fowls and delicious 12s. 6d. Cakes; every one of these last 188 fine Christmas Prizes must be won immediately and, moreover, with your Christmas Feast there may well come a cheque for as much as £200!

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

For instance, taking in a recent Contest the *Example*, BRITAIN AND FRANCE, a Glasgow labourer added the words, ARE NOT "LYING BACK," thus winning the £200 First Prize. Study the winning efforts in our 1,194th Result on this page. Then start at once on your *Bullets*, remembering that you MUST post your entry on or before Saturday, December 2, if you are to be in time to win a Christmas Feast this year.

'BULLETS' 1,194 RESULT

First Prize, £200 plus Millionaire's Xmas:

Miss E. SMITH, 31, Westwood Road, Southampton.
Example: SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO
Bullet: "DOVE'S" AND "CHICKEN" RETURN.

SECOND PRIZE, £20 plus Cake:

R. WOODWORTH, 38, Hickley Lane, Totley Rise, Sheffield.
Example: When Peace Returns
Bullet: *Thank/sfuses* "Equally Shared" Anyway!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Cake:

R. PARKER, "Glenmona," Garnalea, Belfast.
Example: Faithful Friend
Bullet: To Faithless, Friendless—Mother.

£5 plus Cake:

W. G. OVERTON, 14, Church Path, Deal.
Cornered—Hitler—Empire's "Foursquare."

£4 plus Cake:

A. ALLISON, 23, Hedly Hill Terrace, Waterhouses, Durham.
Scandalous Delay—In Labelling Plough, "Priority."

£3 plus Cake:

Mrs. F. L. CANNON, 67, Welbeck Avenue, Southampton.
Man In The Trenches—Goering? He's "Too Wide"!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. each plus Cake:

A. W. BARRETT, 8, Hartford Avenue, Kenton, Harrow.
The Neutrals—Swallowed Pub Combatants' Beer!

J. CARLEY, 7, St. Michael Street, Newport, Mon.
Easy To Answer—Landlady's "What's Biting You?"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Pte. A. EVANS, Territorial Drill Hall, Taunton.
Man In The Trenches—My Son—Me, Soon?
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. M. GOLLAN, 80, E. Crosscauseway, Edinburgh.
Hitler's Gang — Freebooters — Free With "Boot."

J. G. HARRIS, "Vilette," Union Road, Sheffield.
Gamelin v. Goering—Exit "*Medal* Weight Champion"!

Mrs. E. R. LISK, 19, Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey.
The Prisoner—Hitler's *Released*—Slum Kiddie.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. McGILCHRIST, 3, Elm Street, Glasgow.
When Peace Returns—"Torch You Ordered, Sir!"

J. METCALFE, 155, High Street, Marske-by-Sea, Redcar.
Love's Prisoner—Prevented Father "Locking Up."

H. P. NORTHFIELD, 11, Heathfield Road, Bromley.
Hitler's Gang—"Squeal"—Daren't "Come Across."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. SMITH, 1, Devonshire Way, Shirley, Croydon.
Man In The Trenches—Our "Baby," Defending "Cradle."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 100 winners of Xmas Cakes can be seen at these offices.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received will have careful consideration by a competent panel of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,198 — Closing postmark, SAT., DEC. 2.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

PRESENT FOR HITLER
BE A GOOD CITIZEN AND
THANKS TO THE R.A.F.
SHINING LIGHT
DOWN CAME THE AXE AND
WINTER'S SWORD
ALL OVER AGAIN
DAD GOT AN IDEA AND
PALS
LIGHTNING VICTORY
BRITAIN'S AT WAR, BUT
FRIEND FRITZ
AUNTIE HEARD GUNS, SO
BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL
TOO BIG
NOTHING'S SAFE WHEN
WHAT THE SKIPPER SAID
IF OUR VILLAGE IS BOMBED
SEEMS IRONIC
NATIONAL LARDER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as directed.

..... FOR HORE-BELISHA
CHRISTMAS .....
WEDDED TO .....
PAIR OF .....
FOR ..... SAKE
TO MAKE .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,198 — Closing postmark SAT., DEC. 2.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,198, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

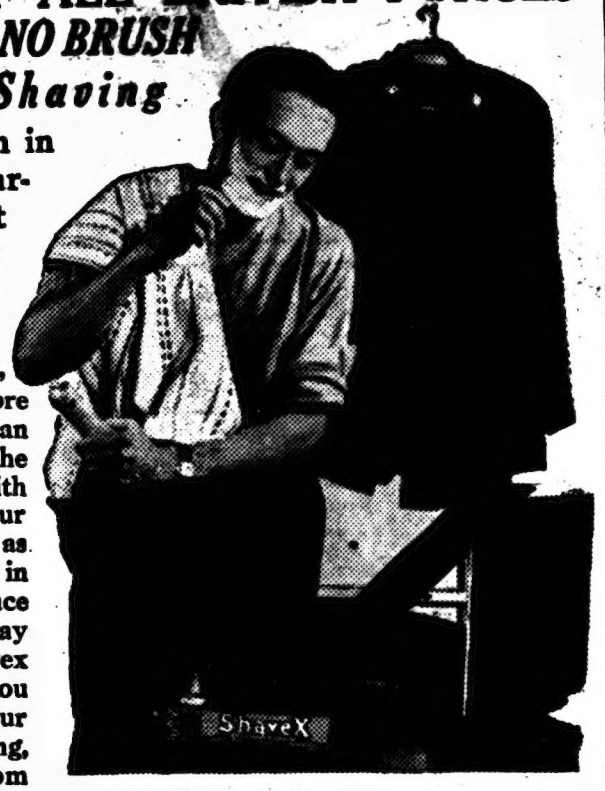
ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,198, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, DEC. 2

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

The NO SOAP–NO BRUSH Method of Shaving



For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the world are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

SHAVEX is sold in 6D. 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

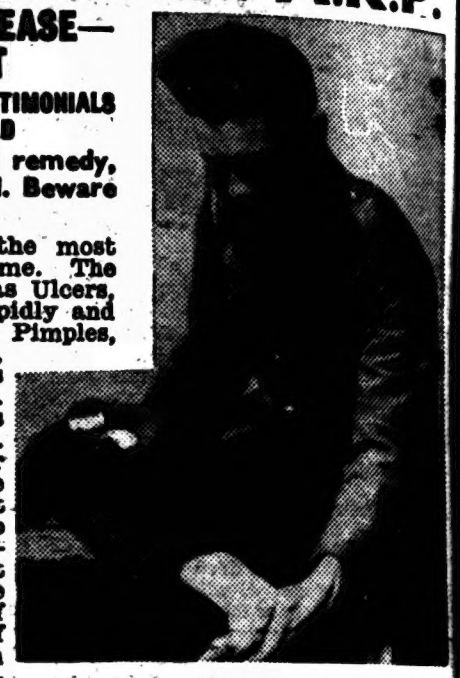
ZEE-KOL (BRAND)

THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—MANY IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.



ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin Healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Severe Burns, etc.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

6d., 1/3 and 3/-

or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. ZK18), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

ZEE-KOL is splendid when one is on the march—at any time, rub in between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition and your feet will not get tired. If there are any corns Zee-Kol will take them away. There is nothing in the world that can keep the feet in such splendid condition as Zee-Kol Ointment. Aches and pains vanish, and it is wonderful for stiff joints. Pimples and Eczema vanish in a night.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL COSTS 4d. per lb. ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. B.16), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps my skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weathers . . . . ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you, dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes, even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

WITH ITS MOST GLORIOUS PERFUME

Every girl who is doing National Service, and will be in the open, must protect her skin. The elements play havoc with anything so delicate as the skin of the face, and there is no cream that can keep the skin in such a perfect condition and so beautiful as DOGE.

However sallow or patchy the complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams, remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

IN TUBES 6D. & 9D.

IN POTS 1/- & 2/-

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., (Dept. D06), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

RESTORE BEAUTY WHILE YOU SLEEP

To take away wrinkles keep a layer of DOGE Cream under the eyes while you are resting, and smear lightly over the rest of the face. Every girl should look her best and keep fresh and well and her complexion beautiful while doing National Service. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect companion to Doge Cream.

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